

LIFE



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22 PAGES IN COLOR

GOD THE CREATOR

DECEMBER 26, 1949

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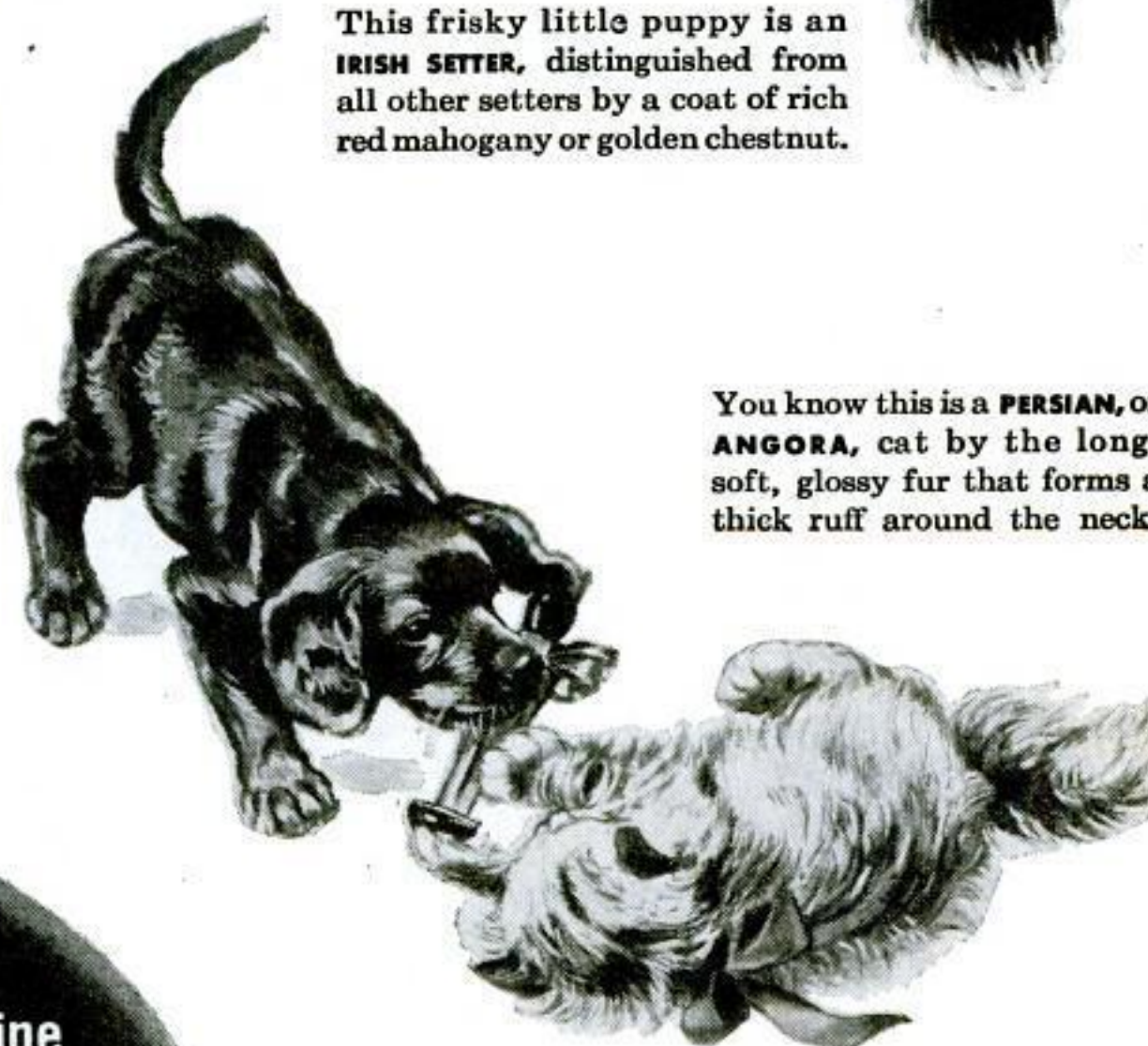
When you get a pet
for Christmas
THE "TRADE-MARKS"
OF NATURE *
identify it for you

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History.

Did you know that **RACCOONS** are kept as pets? They are identified by a club-shaped tail ringed with black, and a dark mask on the face.



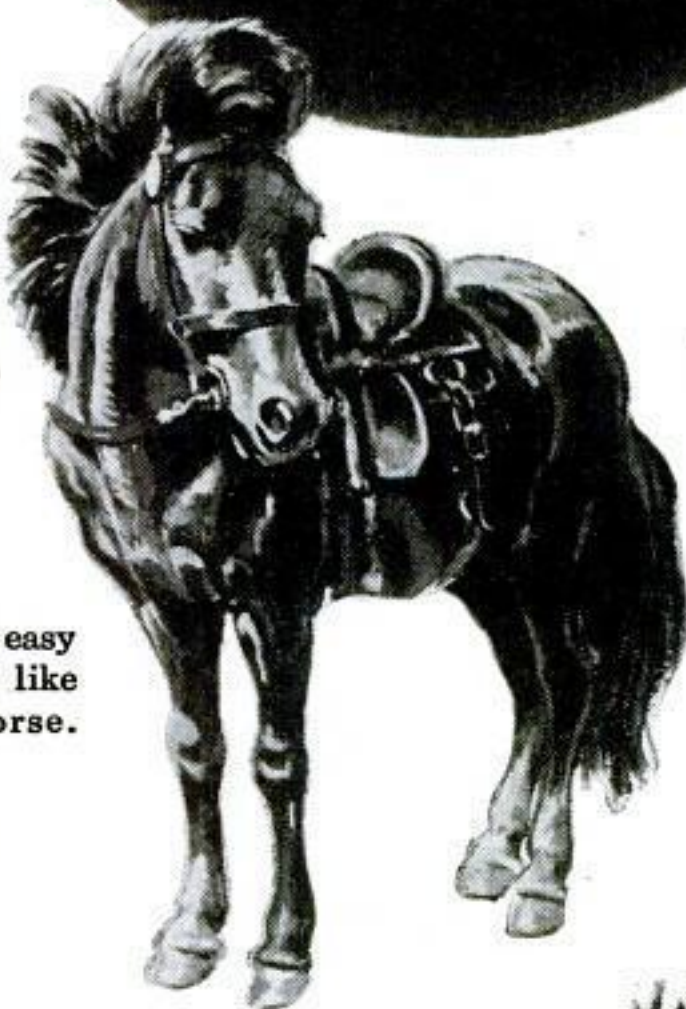
This frisky little puppy is an **IRISH SETTER**, distinguished from all other setters by a coat of rich red mahogany or golden chestnut.

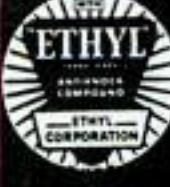


You know this is a **PERSIAN, or ANGORA**, cat by the long, soft, glossy fur that forms a thick ruff around the neck.



The **SHETLAND PONY** is easy to identify—it looks like a miniature draft horse.



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THE "TRADE-MARK"
"ETHYL" 
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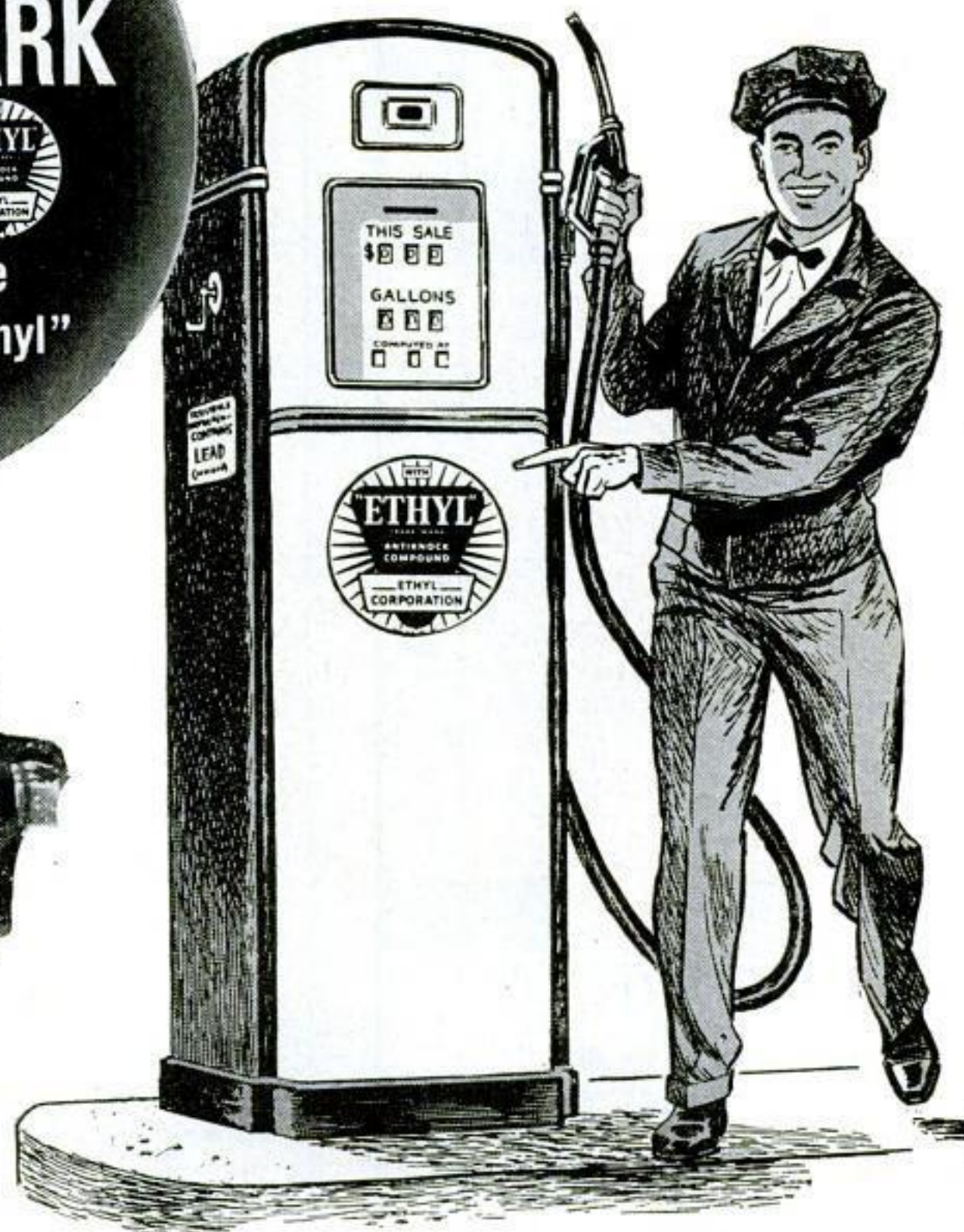


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enjoy power that is quiet as a kitten...  lively as

a puppy...  dependable as a St. Bernard... 

ask for "Ethyl" gasoline — high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.



"Ethyl" antiknock fluid is made by **ETHYL CORPORATION**, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y. 17, N. Y.

This One



WGQH-TFY-6J48

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FEEL the difference in your scalp! What a wonderful wake-up glow — when you use Vitalis "Live-Action" care. That's Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!" 50 seconds' massage with active Vitalis (1) stimulates scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb and you're all set!

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"LIVE-ACTION"
***VITALIS** and the
"60-Second Workout"

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GOOD vs. HUGE

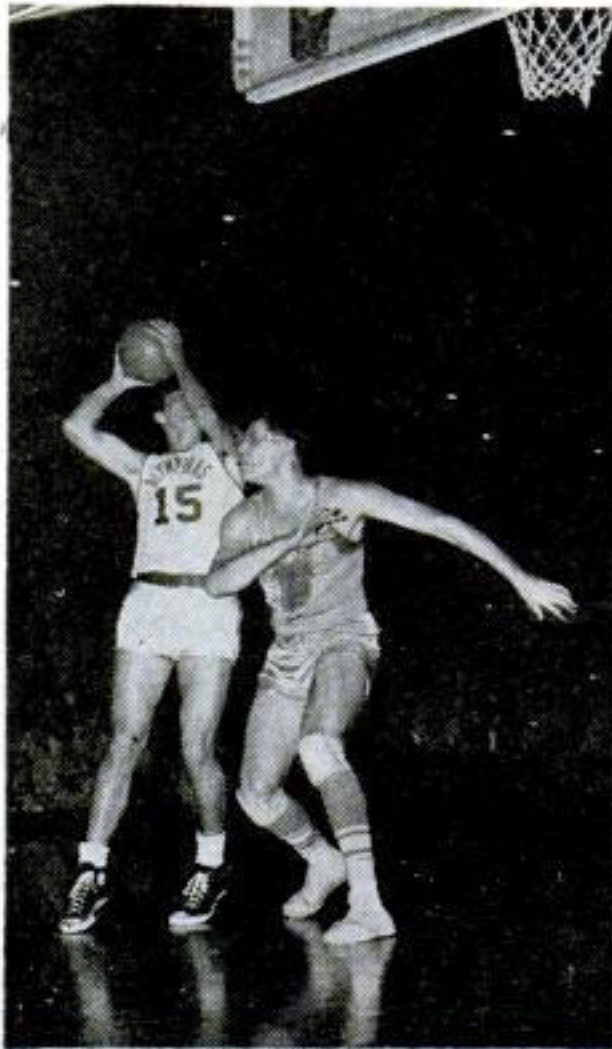
Sirs:

In your story on the pro basketball champions, Minneapolis Lakers and the Indianapolis Olympians (LIFE, Dec. 5), you said, "The game proved one other thing: that a good huge man can beat a good big man in basketball." Reference was to George Mikan as the good huge man and Alex Groza as the good big man.

I should like to point out that on Dec. 1 Indianapolis beat Minneapolis 86 to 68, and Groza outscored Mikan 38 to 33 points. Perhaps a good big man can beat a good huge man.

HERBERT THAU

Cambridge, Mass.



BIG GROZA (15), HUGE MIKAN

● Yes, he can — sometimes. But total score in their two meetings this year is Mikan 62, Groza 59. In all league games this year Mikan averaged 27.8 points per game, Groza 24.3. However, this is Mikan's fourth year in professional basketball, Groza's first. This picture shows Groza getting a shot past Mikan in their second game. —ED.

SAMSON AND DEMILLE

Sirs:

In John Bainbridge's description of Cecil B. DeMille's working methods (LIFE, Dec. 5), we learned the famous movie producer has his field secretary take notes at the lunch table because he might get some of his best ideas while eating.

DeMille is all wrong. The breakfast, lunch or dinner table is no place to take on new ideas. At any one of the three, a ditchdigger or movie producer should concentrate on getting rid of one bothersome idea — the idea that he is hungry. If everyone did this, we'd have better movies to go to and deeper ditches to fall in.

BILL BURTON

St. Joseph, Mo.

Sirs:

Shame on LIFE! You state that in Mr. DeMille's pictures he usually manages to work in some family reference. As an example, you say that in his picture, *The Unconquered*, he named a frontier drinking establishment the Gilded Beaver after the ship on which his ancestors came from Holland, and that he worked in his middle name, Blount, by naming a waterfront site Blount's Landing.

I have just read the original novel

by Neil Swanson, and these names appear in it. They are not the result of Mr. DeMille's desire for some family references.

FRANCIS X. HOFF

Delmar, N.Y.

● Author Swanson reports that *The Unconquered* was actually an earlier novel, *Judas Tree*, rewritten to appear simultaneously with DeMille's movie. Inclusion of these names in the book was DeMille's idea. —ED.

Sirs:

You say that the statue is that of Dagon. I disagree. The statue is of Moloch, the fiery god of the Phoenicians.

In his *Age of Fable*, Thomas Bulfinch says, "Moloch, the fiery god, indicates the practice of offering children as sacrifices. Furnaces were constructed in the form of gods, and to these were offered hundreds every year. . . ."

NEAL YOUNG

Houston, Texas

● No authentic likeness exists of Dagon, agricultural god of the Philistines, but — despite DeMille — it is doubtful that a fire was ever built in his belly. And despite Bulfinch and other authorities, archaeologists today believe that there was never a god called Moloch. "Moloch" meant a vow to make human sacrifice to any god. —ED.

Sirs:

It looks to me like Mr. DeMille is wielding not only the jawbone of an ass, as captioned (LIFE, Dec. 5), but probably the occipital, the sphenoid, the ethmoid, the interparietal, two parietals, two frontals, two temporals, two maxillae, two premaxillae, two palatines, two pterygoids, two nasals, two lacrimals, two malars, two dorsal turbinates, two ventral turbinates, the vomer and the hyoid bones of an ass as well.

Could all this have been to compensate for DeMille's lack of Samson's source of strength?

R. C. SCOTT

Davis, Calif.

● DeMille, in directing, wielded the whole skull. Samson, in the film, used only the jawbone. —ED.

GARGANTUA'S DEATH

Sirs:

In your article on Gargantua's death (LIFE, Dec. 5) you say that his demise was "variously ascribed to such civilized ailments as tuberculosis, pneumonia and cancer of the lip." What did the Johns Hopkins anthropologists decide was the actual cause?

ETHEL WHITE

Newark, N.J.

● Double pneumonia. —ED.

Sirs:

Sorry, but Yale will not get a stuffed Gargantua. Johns Hopkins reports the dissection was such that the skin could not be saved. Even Scotch tape couldn't hold it together.

GEORGE LEBOFF

Baltimore, Md.

● Yale will get only the skull and bones, which they will assemble into a skeleton statue of Gargantua. —ED.

OUR MORAL ARMOR

Sirs:

It deserves to be said that Vannevar Bush ("Our Moral Armor," LIFE, Dec.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Fast HELP for HEADACHE

UPSET STOMACH
JUMPY NERVES

BROMO-SELTZER

FIGHTS HEADACHE
THREE WAYS

For fast help from ordinary headache always take Bromo-Seltzer. It fights headache three ways:

1. Relieves Pain of Headache.
2. Relieves Discomfort of Upset Stomach.
3. Quiets Jumpy Nerves.

Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug store fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Company since 1887.

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1 or 2 Tums
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10¢
Handy Roll
3-roll package, 25¢

for the tummy

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

5), is the son of a Universalist clergyman, whose denomination was, and is, a pioneer in scientific and intelligent religion in the U.S. One of its principle tenets is the dignity of man. I believe some credit is due to the fine religious background of this great scientist, which is reflected in his article.

JOHN CUMMINS

Harvard Divinity School
Cambridge, Mass.

IRON CURTAIN CARE

Sirs:

Words cannot describe the despair I feel after reading the article entitled "Iron Curtain Countries" (LIFE, Dec. 5), especially the photograph on page 130.

Does Russia allow Americans to send food packages to these countries? Is there any possible way to trace the man pictured as a beggar on page 130 so that I may send him CARE packages?

MRS. I. B. AASENG

Minneapolis, Minn.

● CARE will not send packages to any country that opens the packages for inspection, imposes duty or requires the recipient to give up food rations equal to the amount of food sent. Since most Iron Curtain countries (including Transylvania, where the beggar was photographed) have such regulations, food packages may not arrive safely, if at all. Consequently CARE does not send packages there.—ED.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

Sirs:

About "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (LIFE, Dec. 5), didn't Mary Pickford also play the role in 1921?

MRS. RICHARD D. SMITH

York, Pa.



● Yes (above).—ED.

DIESELIZING

Sirs:

You say (LIFE, Dec. 5) that the GM&O Railroad was the first major railroad to be completely dieselized. The Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville Railway Company, better known as the Monon, rated as a Class 1 railroad, was completely dieselized on June 1, 1949.

WARREN W. BROWN

Chicago, Ill.

● By "major" railroads, LIFE meant those with at least 1,000 miles of track. Monon has 819.—ED.

Sirs:

The "Locomotive Graveyard" pictured on page 155 is located in Jackson, Tenn. (not Mississippi). Jackson

Tenn. was the home of the famed Locomotive Engineer "Casey" Jones.

WILLIAM HOLLAND JR.
President

Jackson and Madison County
Chamber of Commerce
Jackson, Tenn.

NEEDLE IN BOSTON

Sirs:

The "needle in the haystack" hunt (LIFE, Dec. 5) took place not in Hanover, N.H. but in the Somerset Hotel in Boston before the Harvard-Dartmouth football game.

CLARENCE BOHANON

Boston, Mass.

● LIFE misplaced the party. It was at the Somerset.—ED.

RECOVERED ARTIST

Sirs:

Not long ago Artist Cliff Saber, as an American Field Service volunteer in Africa, was driving his ambulance during a fierce desert battle. An enemy plane's machine-gun bullet tore through the car's top, entered Cliff's head. It was my sad duty, a few hours later, to report that I had seen him at the field hospital, that his "painting" side was completely paralyzed and that his face was a deathly gray.

For evidence of his recovery, see your story on the bar mural done by Saber (LIFE, Dec. 5).

PAT FIERO

Ardmore, Pa.

● Says Saber, "I consider it a miracle case. I have recovered completely."—ED.

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Ever Happen To You?



On a moonlight night did you ever try for a kiss from your steady Sweetie Pie and have her haul off and bat you in the kisser? Why? Why? Why? You just didn't get it. Perhaps you were "that way" (it can happen to anyone) . . . and when you are, they'll do it every time.



You wangled an introduction to a swell girl and invited her out on a super-special date. Along about ten she began to act indifferent, and pleaded to be taken home. A headache (she said). The whole evening shot . . . to say nothing of a few bucks. Were you burned up? It probably never occurred to you that you, yourself, were the "headache." And for this* reason.



Were you last to be let in after waiting for hours to see the Big Wheel? Under your breath you probably called the Big Wheel a lot of choice names. Maybe he had a good reason for stalling. After all, it's only human nature to put off disagreeable things as long as possible. And, Brother, when you've got it* you sure can be disagreeable!



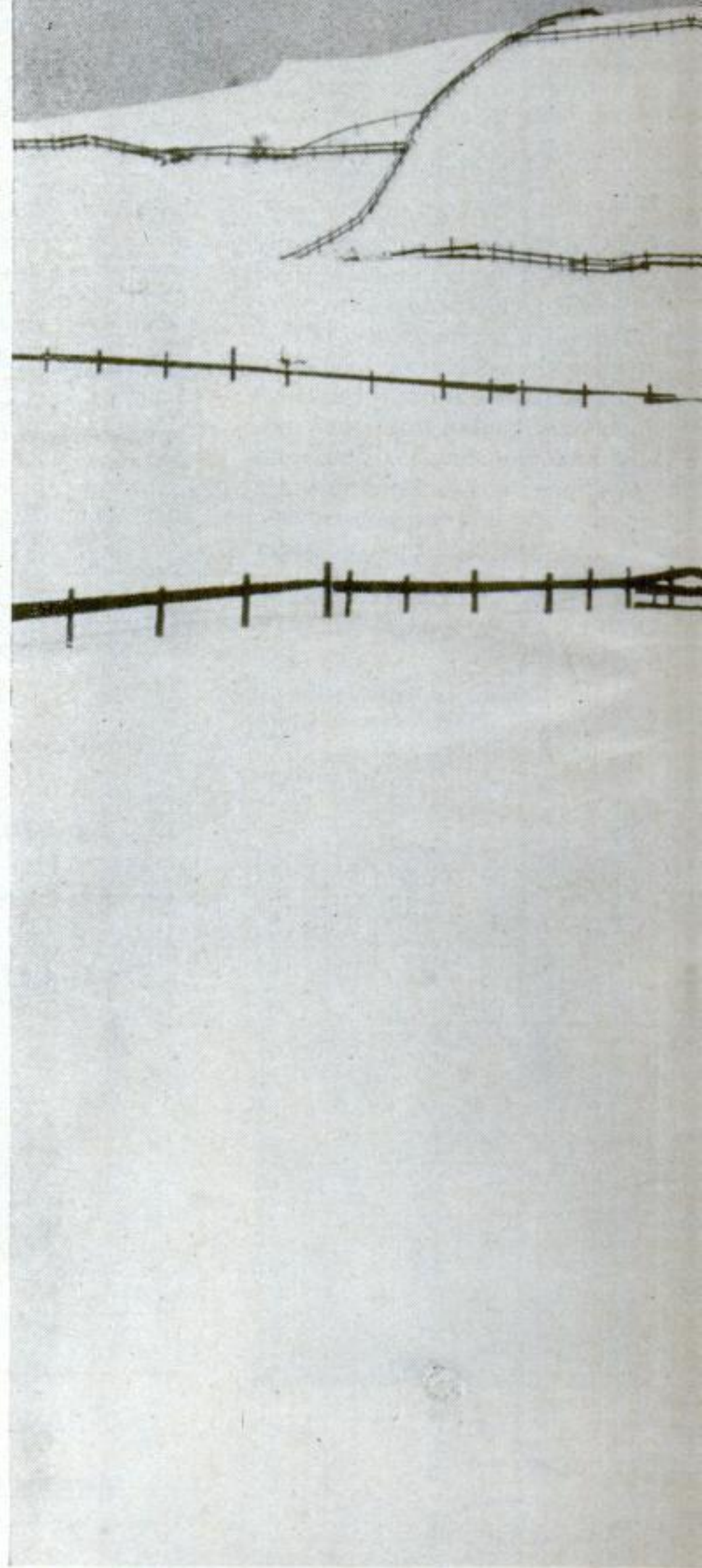
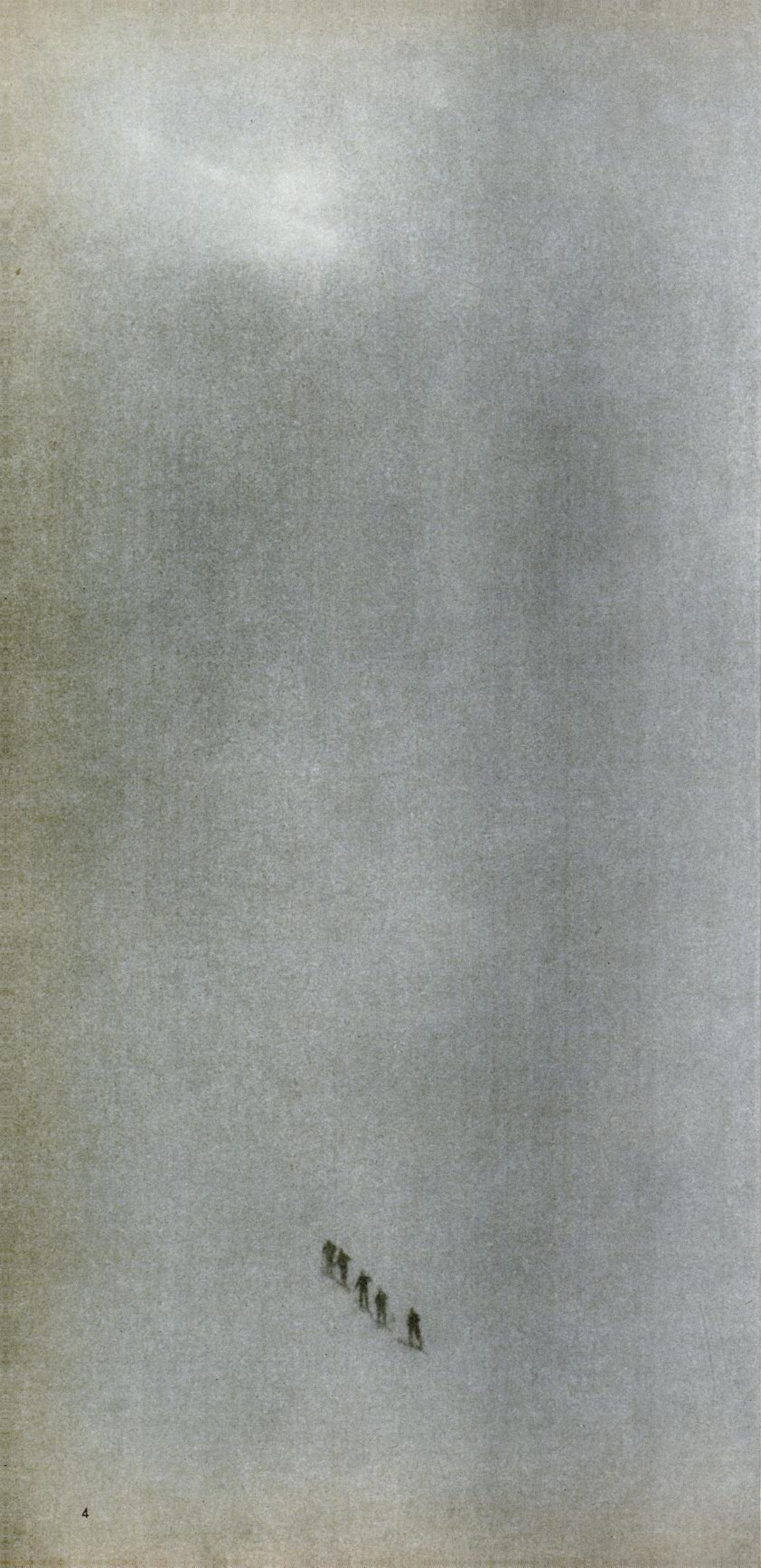
After being a popular Joe around your neighborhood did you ever find yourself left out of little parties all too often? Maybe you wondered if there was some kind of a hex on you? Well, Chum, there probably was! A guy can get careless every now and then, and the news* gets around pretty fast. The welcome mat won't be out again until you get over your trouble.



How about you? Why risk offending? Why take chances on makeshift remedies when there's a delightful and extra-careful precaution against halitosis (bad breath)? Merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic . . . especially before any date, and, lo! your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Stays that way, too. Not for seconds. Not for minutes. But for hours usually. Listerine Antiseptic halts bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth, a cause of so much bad breath not of systemic origin. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

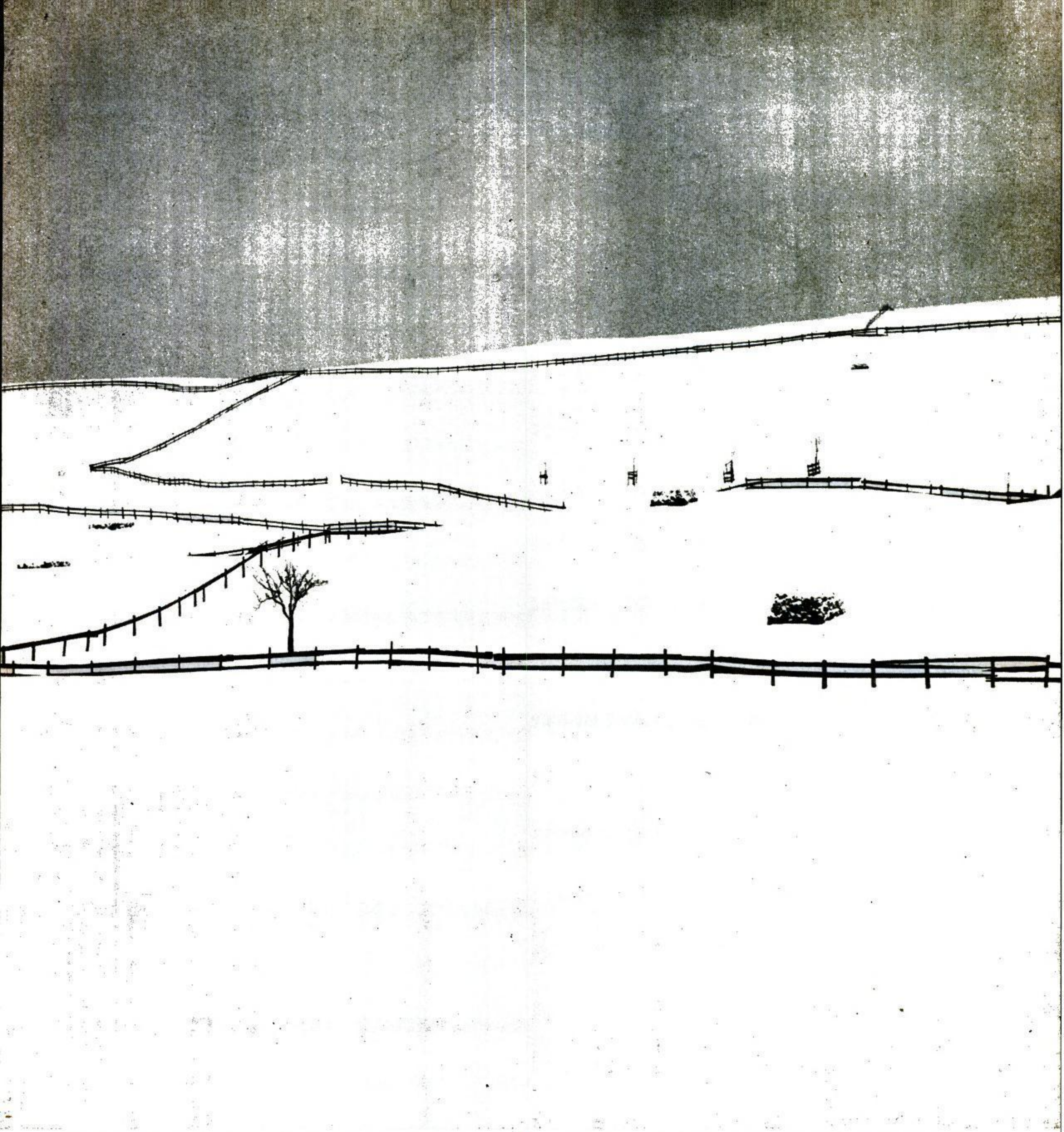
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“WINTER LANDSCAPE,” BY AD WINDIG OF

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

← “ASCENT” BY R. MONCALVO OF ITALY



HOLLAND, IS A REMARKABLY PLEASING DESIGN OF FENCES CRISSCROSSING THEIR WAY UP A SNOW-COVERED DUTCH HILLSIDE

... "U.S. Camera" publishes portfolio of international photographs

The editors of *U.S. Camera Annual 1950* (U.S. Camera Publishing Corp., \$6.50) had special reason to be proud this year. For one thing, this was their 15th year of publication. But more than that, they had assembled for the first time since the war a collection of photographs from abroad, representing work done in the past several years. So impressed were they with this collection that they decided to call the book an International Edition. In a foreword they remark, "It should be no discredit

to us to find the European pictures—for this one issue at least—superior to the American work." In many instances their enthusiasm was justified, even though there is a curious prewar air about the collection. There are surprisingly few photographs which would suggest that a war had recently torn up a good part of Europe. Most of the photographers lavish their undeniable skill on trusted photographic stand-bys like the ones shown here and on the next two pages—snow scenes, animals, works of art.



PERSPECTIVE ON A LAWN sets off white crane poised delicately before the camera of Britain's Bill Brandt. The book devotes 11 pages of its issue to Brandt.



PERSPECTIVE IN A GALLERY is used by Hungarian Photographer Eva Besnyő, who shows couple of statues being moved in for exhibit in Dutch museum.



Living Symbols of our Faith

They help us find self-contentment — to find security of the soul and of the family.

No matter of what creed we are, no matter where we are, they are there to give us counsel, guidance, aid.

Theirs is the helping hand stretched out to us in our moments of spiritual and physical travail.

We turn to them in our hours of darkness and despair — and they are always there.

They are the living symbols of our faith — of our strength.

They are always one with us . . . proudly Soldiers and Airmen . . . proudly serving our Nation.

They show us the way.

They are the Chaplains of the U. S. Army and the U. S. Air Force.

Every week there are regular services all over the world in the Chapels of the U. S. Army and the U. S. Air Force for Soldiers and Airmen and their families, whether they be Protestant, Catholic or Jewish.

They grow in their spiritual lives under the guidance of these living symbols of our faith, the Chaplains of the U. S. Army and the U. S. Air Force.

U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE

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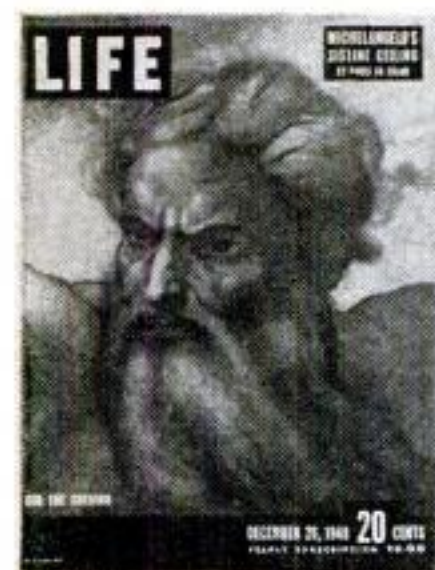
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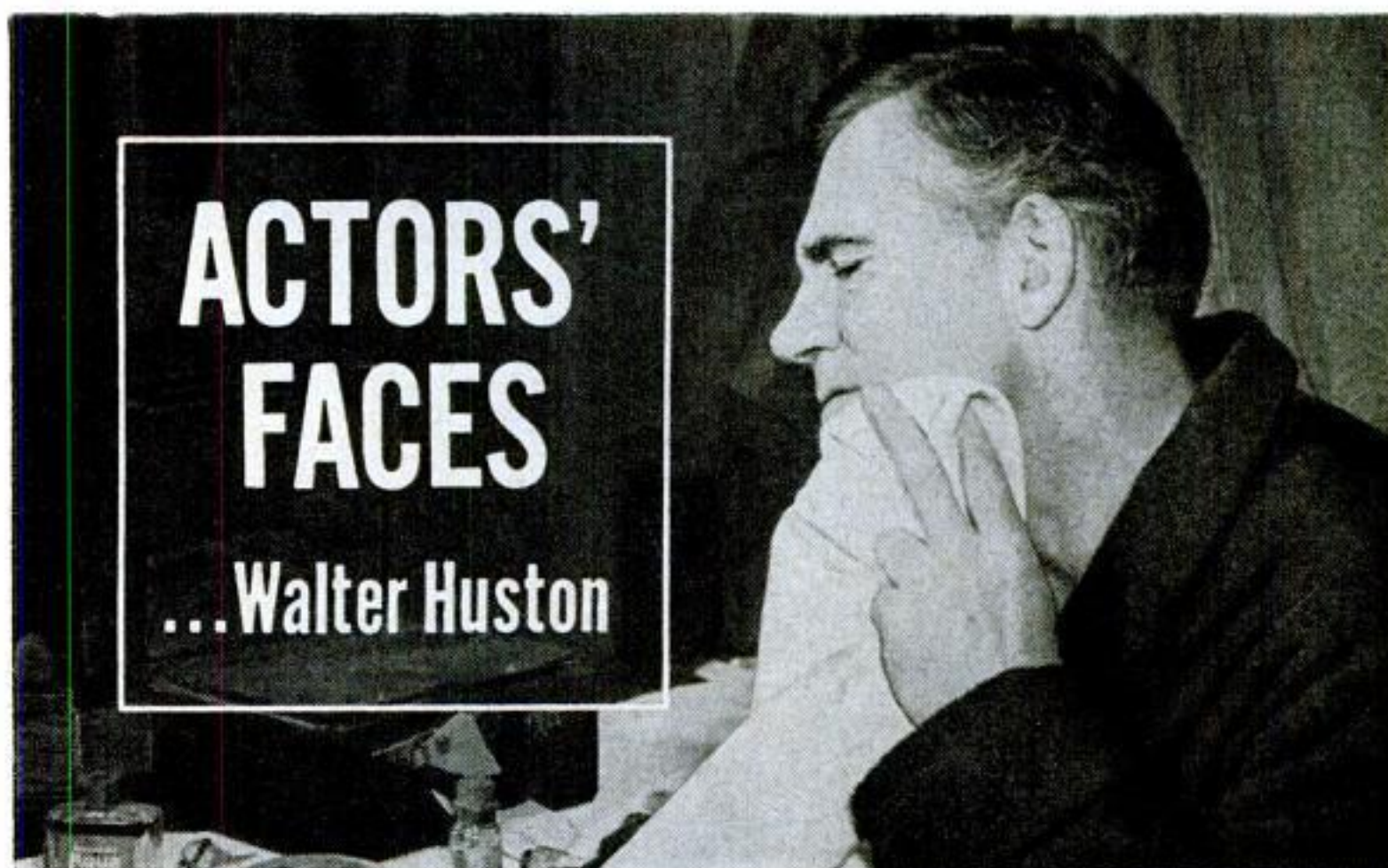
LIFE'S COVER

The portrayal of God the Creator on the cover is a detail from one of Michelangelo's murals on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel illustrating the Creation of the Sun and Moon (pp. 28-29). In it the artist recognized the fundamental Christian doctrine of God's oneness with man. Since God created man in His own image, as is stated in the book of Genesis, Michelangelo conceived of God as a magnificent and heroic human. Yet at the same time He appears as a spiritual being whose superbly forceful expression comes as close as any painting has ever done to representing the all-powerful and divine.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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| 3—CULVER SERVICE | 27 THROUGH 48—FRANK LERNER, LERNER-RAYMOND |
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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; B.S., BLACK STAR; G.H., GRAPHIC HOUSE; INT., INTERNATIONAL. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IS EXCLUSIVELY ENTITLED TO THE REPUBLICATION WITHIN THE U.S. OF THE PICTURES PUBLISHED HEREIN ORIGINATED BY LIFE OR OBTAINED FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.



ACTORS' FACES ...Walter Huston

Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

THAT'S WHY WALTER HUSTON SHAVES WITH SOOTHING WILLIAMS

"Taking off make-up leaves my face sensitive," says Walter Huston, famous Broadway and Hollywood star, shown above in his dressing room. "That's why I swear by Williams Shaving Cream. It's a star beard softener—yet it never irritates my tender face."

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of headache, neuritis and neuralgia

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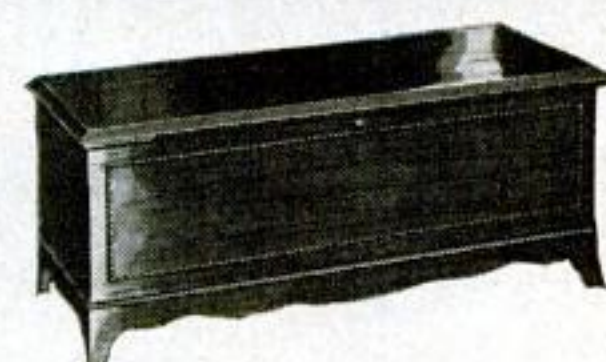
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LANE CEDAR HOPE CHEST

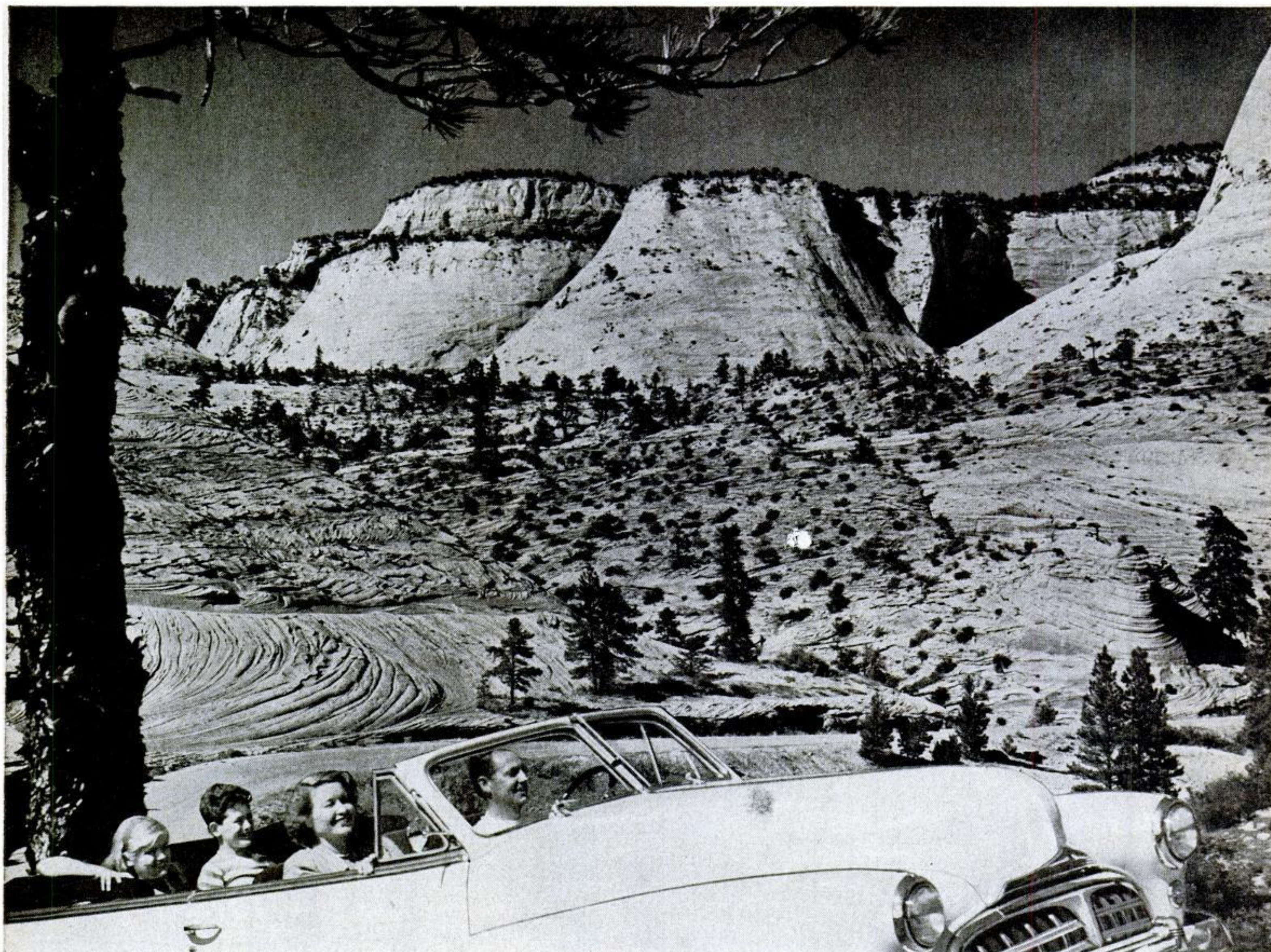
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The Armstrongs see the country...

Like he always promised, Dad has bundled the family into the car to show them this great big country. There's lots to see—and they've seen lots. Historic places, mountains, deserts—new things—strange things—and wonderful! Seems like they're full up to here from looking.

Not everything is strange, though. Stores all the way across the country carry the products the Armstrongs know and recognize. And how do they recognize them? By brand name—the name the manufacturer gives a product so that people can tell it from any other.

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If not, you won't—and the manufacturer will be forced out of business.

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See that you get *quality*, *protection* and... *exactly what you want*, by buying products by brand names. You'll find some of America's finest brand names in ads right on the pages of this magazine.

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HAPPY ARRIVAL of Bronnys was shown in picture LIFE ran last year. Daughter Mary still has Teddy bear.

NEW AMERICANS ONE YEAR LATER

NATION'S FIRST DPs HAVE QUICKLY ADJUSTED TO A STRANGE BUT FREE COUNTRY

In his new apartment in Chicago last week, Dr. Joachim Bronny gave a party for his two-week-old son. Friends dropped in all afternoon. They drank coffee and wine, ate cookies and watched the television. They cooed and made silly faces at the baby. Everyone told the ecstatic parents that they had a fine new son.

To Joachim and Irene Bronny, Andrew Thomas was a great deal more than a fine new son. He was an American son. The Bronnys, left homeless in Poland and thrown into a Nazi concentration camp during World War II, arrived in the U.S. last year from an American DP camp. Doctor Bronny was headed for a doctorless Wisconsin town. But he dis-

covered that he could not practice in Wisconsin because he was not a citizen, so he went to work as an interne in Chicago's Norwegian-American hospital. Next July he will be allowed to take his medical board examinations and become a practicing physician again. In humble thankfulness he says, "I want to be a poor man's doctor."

The Bronnys were among the 813 DPs who came to the U.S. in the first boatload Oct. 30, 1948 under the terms of the Displaced Persons Act of 1948. LIFE then photographed them and some of the other passengers because their arrival on U.S. soil was a historic occasion (LIFE, Nov. 22, 1948). Now, a year later, LIFE has taken a second look at them.

Without exception they are as thankful, as optimistic and as much a credit to their new homeland as the Bronnys. Their number has now swelled to 114,000. That is still below the quota of 205,000 mainly because of the restrictive provisions of the 1948 law (e.g., 30% must be farmers, 40% must come from Baltic countries). A more liberal bill passed the House last session, then bogged down in the Senate. Its chances for Senate passage next month are only fair.

But if the U.S. seemed overcautious by not swinging its door wide open, it was not stinting in the hospitality and generosity it was showing toward those who were fortunate enough to be accepted.



AMERICAN NATIVITY SCENE takes place in Chicago as mother holds new citizen Andrew Bronny and

father gazes over her shoulder. Daughter Mary, now almost 3, looks on (*foreground*) with well-wishing friends.



ALONE AND NAMELESS, this elderly Lithuanian DP attracted LIFE photographer as her son, who left his hat on the bench beside her, handled the red tape of clearances.

INSTRUCTOR FOR A NEW COLLEGE

When the first boatload of DPs arrived in New York last year one of the passengers was a stolid, distinguished-looking Lithuanian woman who found herself sitting alone in a cold, drafty pier shed (left). Last week the same woman sat in a warm, cheery living room in Amherst, Mass., surrounded by shrieking children and laughing adults who were having a Christmas party. Most of the people at the party were, like her, DPs, celebrating not only Christmas but also a year in their new home.

This Lithuanian woman came here with her bachelor son. Because of concern for their relatives still behind the Iron Curtain, LIFE agreed not to print their names. They live in two rooms of a house near town, and the son, a Doctor of Engineering, teaches at the new University of Massachusetts in Amherst. On his teacher's salary he provides for them in a manner contrasting sharply with the opulence they once knew. But at 73 and 50, mother and son look forward to their new life with all the enthusiasm and optimism of the youngest DPs.



WITH HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS the no longer lonely woman now sits by the fireplace during a Christmas party while her son accepts a gift from Santa Claus.

The party was given by a church group whose members watched the new DPs moving into the neighborhood and wanted to extend hospitality and friendship to all of them.

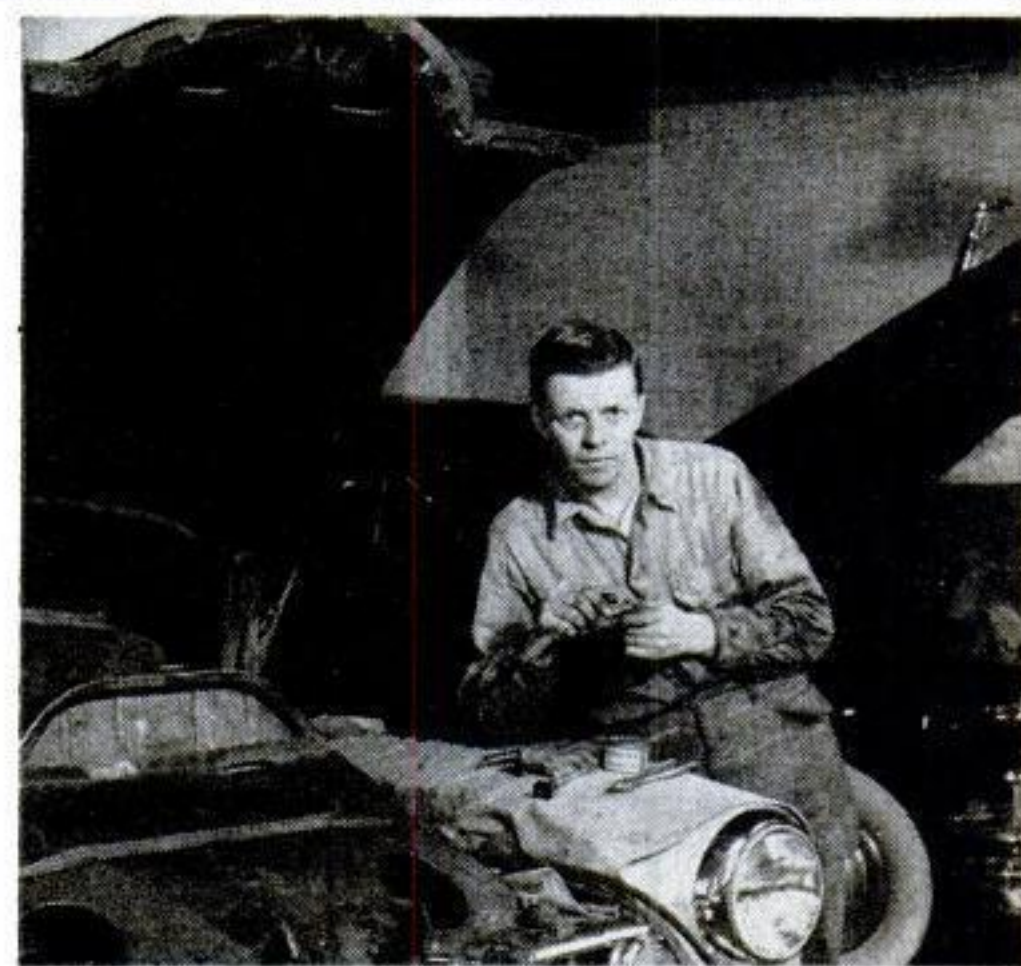


A LITTLE BEWILDERED, Mrs. Paplonskis waited for her husband on New York pier with her son and daughter.

MECHANIC FOR BALTIMORE

Vaclovas (now "Vince") Paplonskis is still amazed at the good fortune that has come to his family. Five days after they had arrived in the U.S. from Germany last year (left) and had settled in Baltimore, Vince had found a job. Now his son Algirdas and his wife Aleksandra have jobs too. Their combined income of \$85 a week feeds the family and pays for their three-room apartment. Their new stove is paid for, the refrigerator will be soon. Next comes some new furniture, then maybe a car.

Vince is devoted to his new homeland. In his little spare time, he studies English and U.S. history, plans an educational trip to Washington as soon as the family can afford it. Garage Owner Edward Anderson, Vince's boss and best friend, still recalls a New Year's Eve party last year, when Vince kept repeating softly to himself, "God love America on this New Year."



FATHER WORKS as mechanic in a garage. Says his boss, "He's good, he's smart and he's hard-working."

NEW CITIZEN FOR NEW YORK CITY



EXPECTANT MOTHER Mrs. Feuerwerker is shown on arrival. Rabbi Isak Haupt, shown (left) with her husband, was photographed in Europe after he gave up his place.

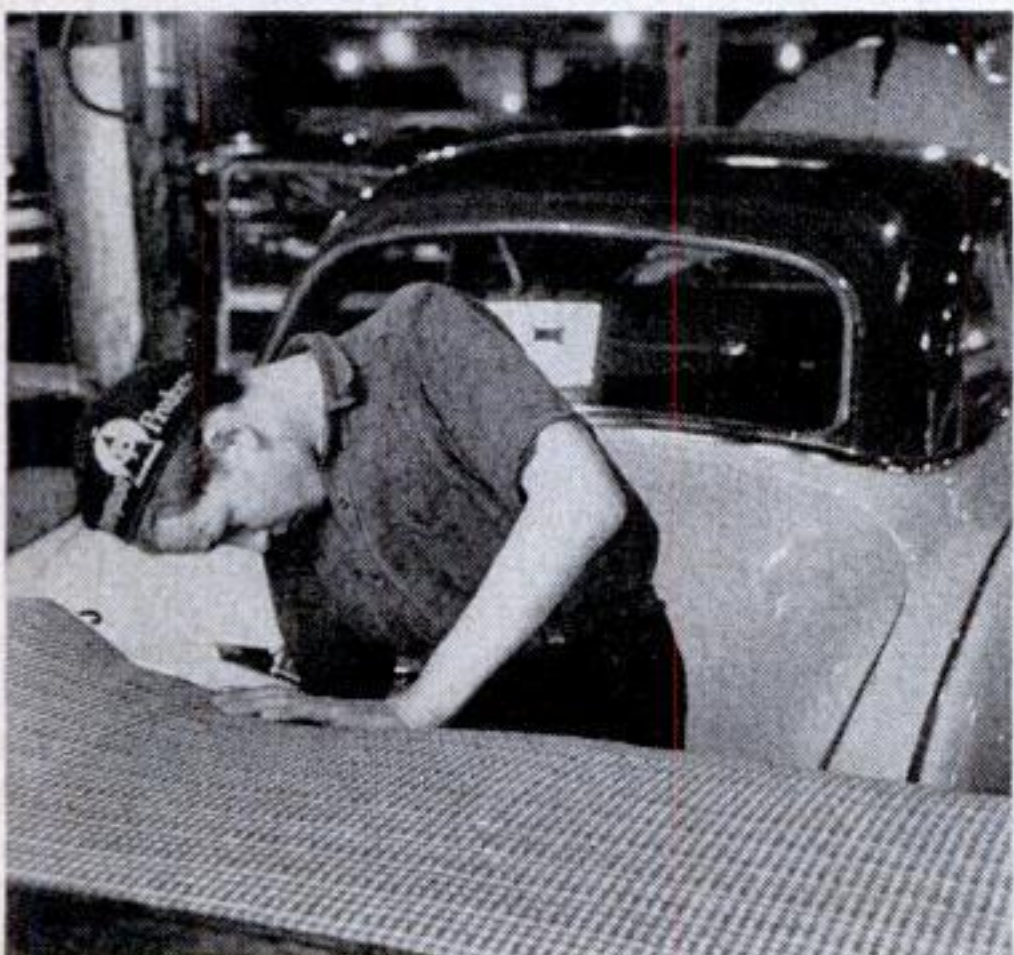
Mrs. Sara Feuerwerker was a frightened but happy young woman when she arrived last year (left). She was frightened to be all alone in an awesome new country. Her husband and son had to be left behind; she made it only because a friend, Rabbi Isak Haupt (left), had given her his place on the boat. She was happy because she had got here in time. She was six months pregnant and her child would now be an American citizen. She was met by her brother, who took her in until the baby was born. It was a 7-pound girl. Mrs. Feuerwerker calls her new American citizen "Bessie." Bessie is now 11 months old.

Today the rest of the Feuerwerker family is in the U.S. too. And so is Rabbi Haupt. The Feuerwerkers have a one-room apartment, a telephone, a refrigerator, a stove and a radio. Her husband, who is a rabbi, is connected with several synagogues. And two months ago they were joined by Mrs. Feuerwerker's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Kepecs, who met in the European camp. Next February Mrs. Kepecs expects a new American citizen of her own.



NEW CITIZEN FEUERWERKER streaks across bed in the apartment. Mother is at left and behind her is sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Samet, who has been in the U.S. two

years. Other woman is newly arrived sister, Mrs. Nathan Kepecs. Dark-haired child is Max Samet and light-haired child is Abraham Feuerwerker, Bessie's 2-year-old brother.



SON WORKS in a Chevrolet plant, trimming upholstery. His salary (\$32.90) goes into the family treasury.



MOTHER WORKS in a suit factory, does housework as well. Says her foreman, "We could use a lot more like her."



IN CHURCH observance at Baltimore, Audrone (now Audrey) is as wide-eyed as she was when she docked in U.S.



FAMILY GOES OFTEN TO A NEARBY HILL TO LOOK OUT ACROSS SANTA BARBARA



WITH THE CHILDREN Mrs. Simonis has gone far beyond her housecleaner's job. She urged one girl to do things she had not done before by singing *Ave Maria* to her.



SIMONIS FAMILY was photographed in New York after getting out of cab that took them from pier to train.

THE WARMHEARTED SIMONIS FAMILY FOUND A CHANCE TO HELP OTHERS

When the Simonis family arrived in New York last year (*above*), they were hustled onto a train for California. There they visited Jonas Simonis' sister in Santa Barbara while Jonas looked for a job. Although he had taught industrial arts in a trade school in Olita, Lithuania, he replied to an ad for a "couple, maintenance man and housecleaner," placed by a boarding school in Santa Barbara. Then they discovered that it was a home for cerebral palsied children.

To the Simonis family here was an opportunity to help others. It was hard going at first, especially when Daiva, only 2, childishly imitated the crippled children. But she soon found more pleasure in helping them. Meanwhile Maria Simonis set about mothering every child.

For a six-day week they get a one-room apartment, board and \$235 a month. It is hard work, but the material reward is sufficient, and they feel they are getting a special bonus when the children respond to their kindness. Still a little shy and embarrassed at times that they have not yet mastered the language difficulties, they nevertheless are supremely happy in their new freedom. Jonas is studying English and American drafting procedure so he can someday fit into the California industrial system. Meanwhile he thinks frequently of friends less fortunate. "There are others just like us, still waiting on the other side."



ON A DAY OFF the family goes to Hope Ranch Park overlooking the Pacific to picnic and feed ducks. They chose Friday instead of Sunday as day off so they could shop too.



LOOKING LIKE ANY SMALL-FRY AMERICAN,
DAIVA SIMONIS PREPARES FOR A BUSY DAY



JUST AS SHE IS ANNOUNCED WINNER OF \$50,000, MRS. RALPH SMAFIELD OF DETROIT SHRIEKS WITH JOY



PHILIP PILLSBURY, company president, assures worried contestant her shredded coconut is not fermented.

A \$50,000 PIECE

Housewife wins over 99 contestants

Last fall Pillsbury Mills sifted through more than 200,000 recipes entered in the company's recipe contest, chose the 100 best—all of which called for at least one half cup of Pillsbury flour. Last week owners of the winning recipes—97 women and three men—gathered in the Grand Ballroom of New York's Waldorf-Astoria for a "Bake-Off" to decide the winners. The ballroom contained 100 electric ranges and mixers, a big stock of ingredients. Nevertheless a Wisconsin woman brought her own eggs, fearing





SWEATING IT OUT, Mrs. Lynn Strickler waits for contest officials to find kind of skillet her corn bread demands.

OF BAKED GOODS

in Pillsbury's national "Bake-Off"

she would find no fresh ones in New York; another brought cranberries all the way from Alaska. The contestants cooked away from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. while judges sampled entries as they were completed. The winner of the \$50,000 first prize (*opposite*) felt she had earned it. She had to use an unfamiliar yeast and had never before cooked on an electric stove. "I was real discouraged," she said. "I heard 4:15 announced over the microphone [45 minutes before deadline]. I can't remember anything after that."



← **THE BALLROOM FLOOR** (*left*) was packed with work tables, stoves and anxiety at height of the cooking; some contestants had to go out and rest a few minutes. Bellhops carried away empty dishes to be washed, brought in extra utensils. Contestants used up 580 pounds of flour (Pillsbury's), 127 dozen eggs, nuts, spices and one onion.

↑ **THE 100 ENTRIES**, minus one, are shown above—a piece of pie was stolen before picture was made. First three winners are in bottom row. Left to right (in order): Water-Rising Nut Twist, Mint Surprise Cookies, Carrie's Creole Chocolate Cake. Dough for the nut twist is wrapped in cheesecloth and allowed to rise under water.



ALONG PROMENADE FACING NEW YORK'S ROCKEFELLER CENTER CHRISTMAS TREE, WIND-DRIVEN PLASTIC SNOWFLAKES WHIRL LIKE FOURTH OF JULY PINWHEELS

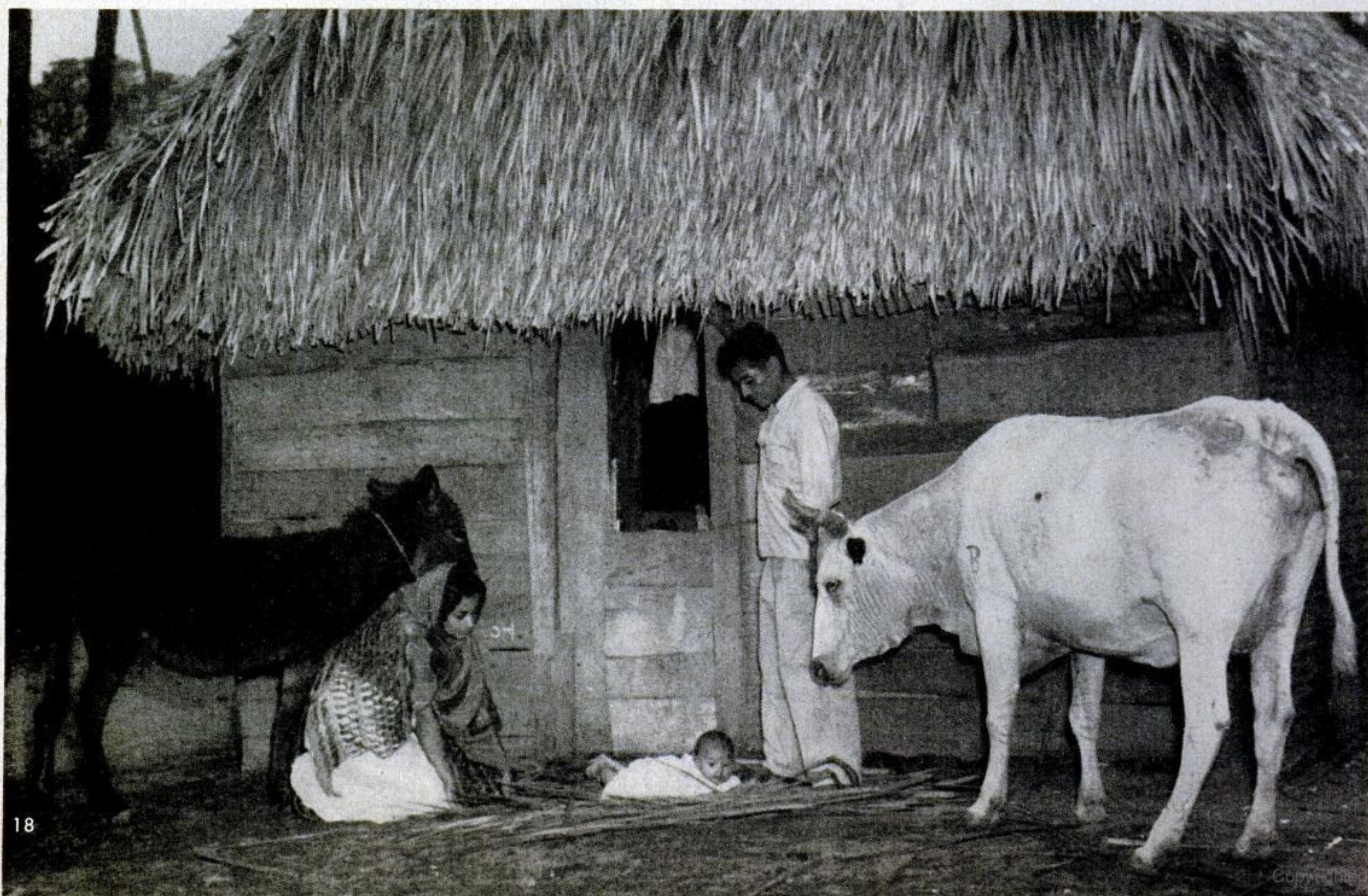
CHRISTMAS SIGHTS

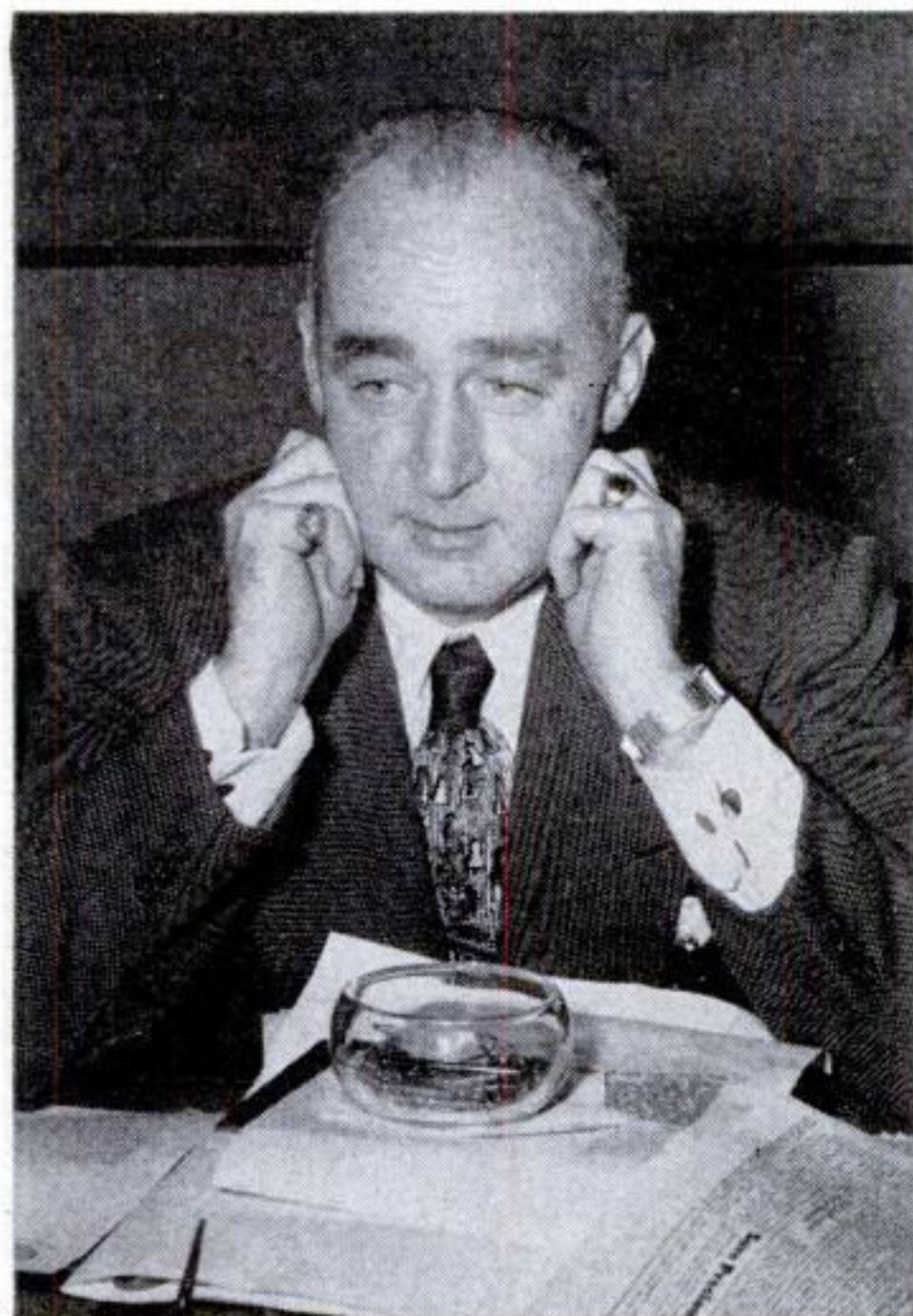
These two are 2,500 miles apart

Separated by 2,500 miles, the vastly different citizens of New York's skyscraping Radio City and the thatched Mexican village of San Blas were both in their own way celebrating Christmas last week. New Yorkers were pausing to admire the glow of 7,500 electric lights shining in the 75-foot tree overlooking Rockefeller Plaza, supplemented this

year by 576 spinning plastic snowflakes flanking the Rockefeller Center promenade (*above*). Meanwhile, in little San Blas, villagers were enacting the timeless story of the Nativity with the bleak dignity of a medieval tableau (*below*). In a scene not unlike the setting of the Nativity, the players also eloquently dramatized their own simple faith.

BEFORE A STRAW-COVERED SHACK IN SAN BLAS, MEXICO THREE NATIVES, A COW AND A BURRO DRAMATIZE THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION'S MOST SACRED STORY





SMOOTH-FACED Water Commissioner Carney contemplates a deskload of reports on the city's water crisis.



PRAYERS FOR RAIN in churches were answered, but Carney, shown testing drizzle, kept up campaign.



GAG PICTURE in Commissioner Carney's bathroom helped call New Yorkers' attention to shaveless Friday.



CARNEY'S BADGE OF HONOR was this thriving crop of stubble, photographed from 10 inches away by

LIFE's Andreas Feininger at 1 p.m. on shaveless Friday. At that time he had gone for 30 hours without a shave.

NEW YORK'S SHAVELESS FRIDAY

The city declares a "water holiday" to help beat the water shortage

After ignoring the worst water shortage in 68 years and blithely continuing to waste 200 million gallons a day (LIFE, Nov. 28), New Yorkers suddenly became acutely water-conscious last week. In a fine fit of civic alarm such as Manhattan, Kan. would show in an August drought, the borough of Manhattan and its sister boroughs whooped up a "water holiday" aimed at plugging the steady drain that had lowered the city's reservoirs to a dangerous 34% of capacity. What turned the trick was Water Supply Commissioner Stephen J. Carney's bright idea that all the men in town should go without shaving last Friday. The notion that a Friday beard would be a badge of honor prompted

millions of moppets to police the household faucets and led their parents to save precious water in many other ways, such as skipping baths and showers, washing the whole day's dishes at one standing and cutting down on drinking water and toilet-flushing. The holiday idea spread quickly: over at *South Pacific*, Mary Martin began to *Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair* with club soda, and a lot of dry humor got into the papers. By nightfall of shaveless Friday, Commissioner Carney's office announced that consumption was 20% below normal. But New Yorkers would have to keep up the good work for a long time. The shrunken reservoirs were unlikely to fill up again before spring.

THE GREATEST GIFT

BELIEF DECLINES, BUT IT IS STILL WITHIN THE GRASP OF MEN



ST. IRENAEUS OF LYONS

On the cover of *LIFE* this week appears a picture of God. It is a fine picture; but can it be a picture of God?

To many moderns a picture of God is either an absurdity or a blasphemy or both. Either there is no God (the modern thinks); or God is Spirit, Infinite and Eternal, and it is blasphemy to think of Him in the proportions of a picture-book.

This modern way of thinking overlooks a central doctrine of Christianity—the oneness of God with man through Christ. Throughout the Christian ages, this gospel-mystery has been expounded by saints and songsters, painters and poets. "And the Word was made flesh," said St. John. According to St. Irenaeus (died circa 200), "The Word of God, Jesus Christ, on account of His great love for mankind, became what we are in order to make us what He is Himself."

The great Victorian, Robert Browning, said it this way,

So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"



POET ROBERT BROWNING

Now we speak of God and of His Son, the risen Christ. We speak of belief, and of the faith that heals the heart.

So speaking, we are one with all men of Christendom. If not in belief and faith, all are one in the hazards of belief and faith. For this is not a time of belief. How many in this last Christmas season of the 1940s shall rise and say with the certainty of another time, God is in His Heaven, and with Him is His Son?

It was easier to say, it was easier to believe in any Christmas season of 40, 60 or 80 years ago. It was said, it was believed then as it is neither said nor believed today. No change more profound than this has come to Americans and to their world. And with none other has come so great a loss.

Consider what has happened to us all. The characteristic American once believed in God and in the holy birth, the death and the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Not all Americans. Nor "the average American," whoever he may have been then or may be now. But the characteristic American. He believed—he knew—that there was a God, ever watchful and ever ready to punish and reward. The characteristic American believed—he knew—that with God was Christ, and that in Him was salvation for the soul.

This belief, this knowledge was the force that had shaped and still shaped American life. The belief was shaken, the force was waning. Three centuries of science, of what was called enlightenment had washed at the foundations of belief. Darwin had jarred the Christian mind of the West, and a spate of books attempting to face and resolve the conflict "between God and science" had begun to comfort or to trouble the Christian American. But the belief and the force still prevailed. Godliness was the American norm. To be godly was to be good, and respectable, and secure. To be ungodly was to be bad, or at least to be beyond the pale of the good. And this the ungodly knew, for the knowledge of God was all around them.

And now? Men assert a belief in God and (if they be Christians) in His Son, the Christ. They seek belief and faith; by the millions they seek. But the characteristic American at this season of this year does not believe in God and in His Son. Not with the wholeness and the power of a few decades ago. Godliness is no longer the American norm. To be ungodly is to be, at the most, unnoticed.

In this there is a paradox. Proportionately and in total, the churches of America have more members today than ever before (46 million Protestants, 26 million Roman Catholics and five million other non-Protestants, according to the 1949 Yearbook of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America). For the first time in U.S. history, church members in this decade have come to consti-

tute a majority of the U.S. population. Yet in publishing its figures the Council's general secretary, Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, was moved to note "a disturbing discrepancy between the size of churches and their influence on American life."

Why the discrepancy? One answer, we suspect, is to be found in a change-within-change that has come over the characteristic American church and churchman. Many and many a church today is more social center than shrine; many and many a minister of God is more sociologist than preacher. No one would decry the labors of the churches in extrareligious fields. It is argued, and it may be so, that only by adjusting themselves to "the realities" of 20th Century life could churches survive the decline of belief and command the memberships which they have. Still and all, we wonder. Could a decline of belief in the power and attraction of belief itself be connected with the decline of Christian influence? Church memberships grow, but church attendance lags. How many come to the church in quest of something to believe and, finding only a clinic, come not again? Publishers tell us that books on religious themes sell as never before, and that books resting upon the simplest affirmations of faith and belief are in the biggest demand. Surely a vast and troubled public seeks a way and a gospel not readily to be found in the world that men have made. It is as though millions looked into the void, crying to a St. Paul who does not come forth, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*

It will be said—it is said—that belief is impossible to modern man. A Princeton professor of philosophy, W. T. Stace, so arguing in the *Atlantic Monthly* of September 1948, took his argument to this terrifying conclusion, "We must expect men to wish back again the light that is, gone, and to try to bring it back. But however they may wish and try, the light will not shine again—not at least in the civilization to which we belong." Men are in the darkness of a world without demonstrable purpose or order, Professor Stace said, and without a God of purpose and order men must learn to live as best they can in their darkness.

Must they? We think not. For what is belief? It is an act of the will, or at least of willingness. Modern man has it within his power to hear, and in hearing to accept, the words of Christ across 20 centuries,

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;
for I am meek and lowly in heart; and
ye shall find rest unto your souls.
For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

There, for all who elect to receive it, is the greatest gift.

FOR FRESH-TOMATO FLAVOR, MILLIONS SAY:

NO TOMATO JUICE LIKE CAMPBELL'S!



THE REASON IS SIMPLE—

1 World's Finest Tomatoes

—Carefully selected from the world's finest crops. And Campbell's Tomato Juice is produced only when the crop is at its peak of red-ripeness, the tomato flavor at its best.

+2 Campbell's Special Process

A scientific process safeguards the fresh-tomato vitamins and retains the fresh-tomato flavor. . . . Nature made it a grand drink; Campbell's keep it that way for you to enjoy.

=3 Campbell's Fresh-Tomato Flavor

This is the luscious lively taste you want. For right-off-the-vine flavor insist on Campbell's. Taste why millions say: "No tomato juice like Campbell's!"

Fresh-Tomato Flavor
that's why folks choose Campbell's!



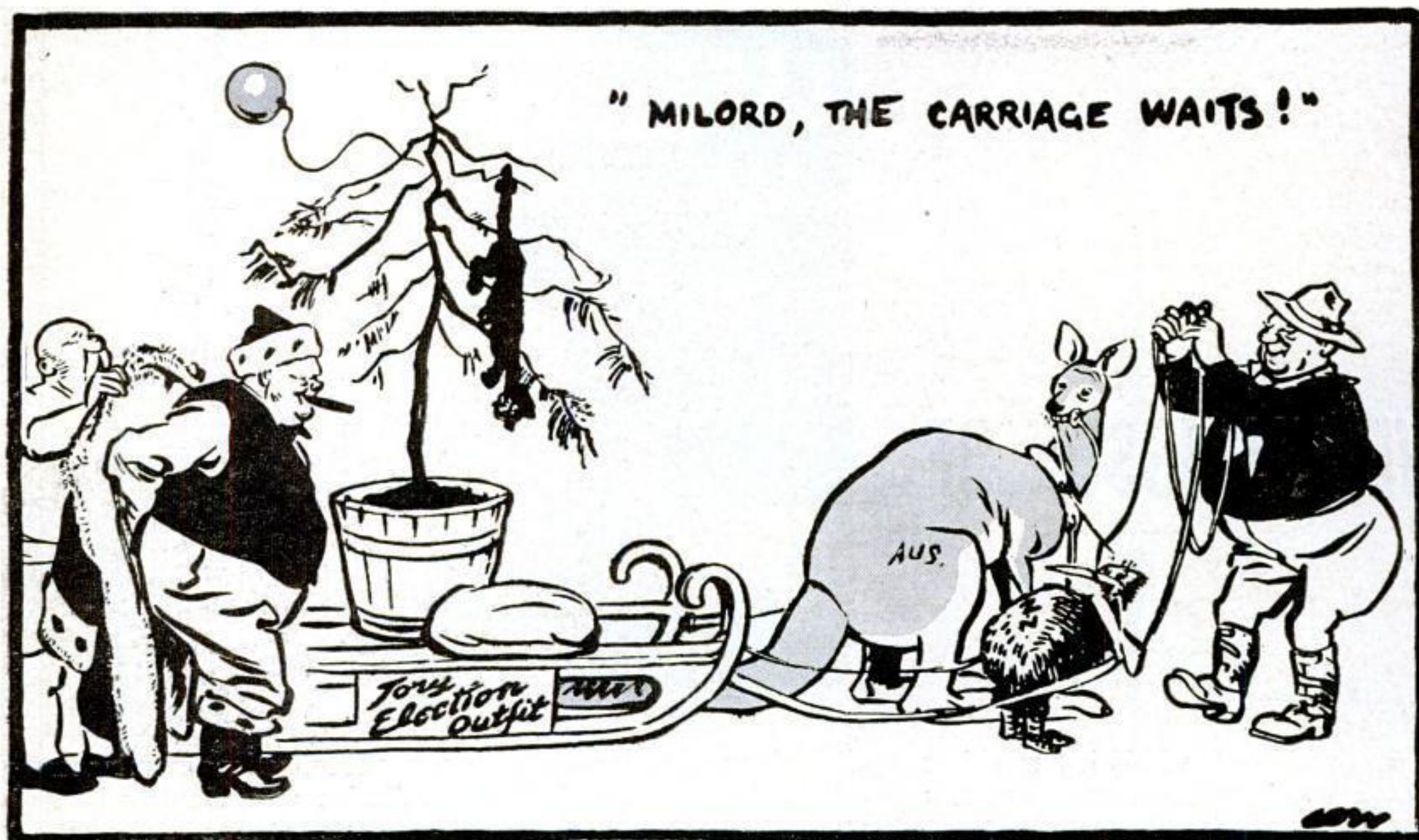
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

If he didn't own you, he'd
buy you. And if you couldn't
be bought, he'd ruin you!

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of

ALL THE KING'S MEN

Based upon the Pulitzer Prize Novel "All The King's Men" by Robert Penn Warren
with Broderick CRAWFORD - Joanne DRU - John IRELAND - John DEREK - Mercedes McCAMBRIDGE
Written for the Screen and Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN



CHURCHILL'S NEW HOPE of winning next election following Labor defeats "down under" is gently derided by Car-

toonist David Low. After 22 years cartooning for Conservative Beaverbrook, Low has decided to join Labor's *Daily Herald*.

THE FUTURE LOOKS FINE TO CHURCHILL

He has grandchildren—and hopes

Things have seldom pleased Winston Churchill more than they have in recent weeks. Last month he and Mrs. Churchill went beaming down to the parish church at Fletching, Sussex for the christening of their sixth grandchild, Emma Mary Soames. A fortnight ago they went beaming up to London to see the christening of their seventh grandchild, Arabella Churchill, at St. Peter's in Eaton Square.

Between the two events all England celebrated his 75th birthday. Prime Minister Attlee attended a birthday luncheon given for him by King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark. In the House of Commons, scene of the greatest triumphs in Churchill's long career, members cheered when the Prime Minister said, "With your permission, Mr. Speaker . . . may I offer the congratulations of the House to the Leader of the Opposition?" But the Leader of the Opposition would much prefer to receive congratulations as the next Prime Minister. British voters will decide, some time between now and next July, whether this hope will be fulfilled.

At 75, Churchill knows that this is the last election he can win, but betting odds in London are 5-4 against him. In by-elections Labor has held all its 35 seats in Parliament which have become vacant, although by slimmer majorities than in 1945. A favorable sign is that Gallup polls showed Conservative strength rising until it stood at 48% to Labor's 41%, and the recent defeats of Labor in Australia and New Zealand were the best of news for Churchill. With something of the mixed affection with which Englishmen regard Churchill the politician, David Low pictures him receiving a Santa Claus coat from Colonel Blimp. His election sled drawn by an Australian kangaroo and a New Zealand kiwi suggests that Winnie's ride may not be as pleasant as he anticipates.



GRANDDAUGHTER Emma Mary, child of youngest daughter Mary and Captain Christopher Soames, gets christened in Sussex.



BIRTHDAY PARTY on Nov. 30 finds Churchill at Danish embassy with Queen Ingrid and his opponent, Prime Minister Attlee.



ANOTHER GRANDDAUGHTER, Arabella, the child of son Randolph, and his seventh grandchild, gets christened on Dec. 8.



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ABOUT NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF **LIFE**

The amazing half century which will end in 1950 is the subject of next week's issue of *LIFE*—a "special" unlike any issue of *LIFE* you have ever seen.

Plans got under way at an editorial conference last spring, when *LIFE*'s editors took a backward look over the last 50 years and thought of the wonderful things those years had brought to America. Despite the ups and downs, no nation could look back on greater achievements. And probably at no time in history had so many people got so big a kick out of just being alive. That, decided *LIFE*'s editors, was to be the subject of their first January 1950 issue: the sheer fun and excitement of living in the U.S. during the first half of the century.

The preliminary mood-setting discussion centered on what life was like in the U.S. of 1900. It was in that year that Franklin, Stearns and Peerless started to make automobiles; a Mormon was barred from the House of Representatives because he had three wives; American newspapers had no comic strips or sports pages; work was started on New York City's first subway; Charles Dana Gibson was setting the standards for feminine charm. Clearly there was enough material in this and the 49 following years to fill dozens of books. The editors knew how big a job it would be to choose from these crowded years the most picturable and memorable events and then get them into one issue of *LIFE*.

An editorial task force was set to work on the biggest picture hunt ever undertaken. Headed by Editor Phil Wootton and Researcher Ruth Adams, it enlisted the aid of our news bureaus and correspondents throughout the country. A typical assignment was given by Managing Editor Ed Thompson last July: "Please insert a want ad in daily and weekly newspapers in your area for snapshots showing family life from 1900 to the present. When you look through the albums you receive, keep your eyes peeled for interiors which show what the kitchen, bathroom and living room, etc., looked like. In the backgrounds of such pictures you may find wall telephones, phonograph horns, claw-foot bathtubs, gas lamps converted to electricity and other things which have changed and improved the life of the people in this country. Don't overlook the human story of an interesting member of the family; for example, a man born in 1900 who grew up with the century. Watch for pictures of how people amused themselves (picnics, hay rides, ice skating on the pond, bicycling, etc.). In addition to the family record outlined above, find out whether there are local photographers who have been photographing their towns and neighbors for the past 50 years. Such a photographer might be a gold mine for a possible 'growth of a town' story."

This was only the start. In the months that followed, our out-of-New York correspondents were asked to suggest, check and follow through on scores of proposed stories. One assignment called for the best pictures that could be found on 106 specific events beginning with Admiral Dewey's announcement of his candidacy for president in 1900.

Meanwhile members of the special-issue task force were combing private collections, the files of societies, corporations and government agencies and our own library of more than 3.5 mil-



lion pictures. Some of the more unusual collections examined included the Warshaw Collection of Business Americana, with its tons of old advertising handouts and posters; the personal photographs of Mrs. Hugh Brown, a San Franciscan whose husband was attorney for some of the principals in the great 1901-13 bonanza of Tonopah, Nev.; thousands of old circus pictures owned by P. M. McClintock of Franklin, Pa.; the Keystone View Company's vast storehouse of stereoscopic photographs; hundreds of Rudolph Valentino pictures which were collected by Achille Russo, a Long Island barber whose family came from Valentino's home town in Italy. More than 200,000 pictures were examined, of which some 60,000 were sent to *LIFE*'s New York offices where further screening reduced the number to 2,500 possibilities for the issue.

No matter how good the quality of the old pictures uncovered (and some of them turned out to be very good), the editors still realized that they needed some 1949 pictures taken with 1949 equipment to give perspective to the backward glance. They assigned several stories which, though photographed today, would fit into the general context of the issue. One of these, done in color, shows some of the great mansions built near the turn of the century. Another, also in color, portrays famous people of the '20s as they appear today but set against backgrounds that recall their earlier triumphs.

With all the pictures assembled and thousands of words already written, our editorial department is now in the final stages of putting the issue to bed. The managing editor's office is filled with editors and writers choosing and changing stories. The layout room is littered with photostats of Gibson girls and flappers, shabby immigrants and sparkling belles, quaint interiors and giant construction projects. Writers are polishing and fitting their copy. Researchers are checking the stories written, questioning every word and establishing a source for every fact. The girls in the copyroom are passing along to the printers the precise and final instructions for each page as it is approved.

Whether the nickelodeon story will go out to make room for the Halls-Mills murder case, whether the St. Louis Fair pictures will yield to the opening of Yankee Stadium, whether a story on the musical comedies of 1931 will be scrapped for the Ford-Firestone-Edison-Burroughs camping trip of 1918, will not be decided until final closing day. Maybe all of these will be scrapped to make room for a cartoon history of the '30s, or the golden age of sport, or the Wall Street crash, or a survey of 50 years of U.S. women, or a look ahead with Bill Mauldin or others of a score of stories now in preparation. Whatever stories get into the limited space of this one issue, all who have worked on it will know that they had a wealth of the very best from which to choose.

Says Editor Wootton, "From all the historical photographs and original research we have collected, we are selecting the nuggets for a souvenir magazine which will help Americans to relive with pride and nostalgia the best of the last 50 years."

When you see the special issue next week, we hope you will find it an exciting addition to your own recollections of life in America during the first half of our century.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*

MICHELANGELO'S



SISTINE CHAPEL

ITS FRESCOES ARE CONSIDERED THE GREATEST
WORK OF ART EVER EXECUTED BY ONE MAN

In 1473 the Renaissance Pope, Sixtus IV, erected a plain brick church in Rome which came to be called the Sistine Chapel in his honor. He commissioned many artists to decorate the walls and to embellish the ceiling with a pattern of stars. But in 1508 Pope Julius II summoned Michelangelo Buonarroti of Florence to repaint the ceiling. Working for four and a half years, Michelangelo covered its 10,000 square feet with 343 colossal figures illustrating the Creation, the Fall of Man and the Flood. On the following 22 pages LIFE reproduces Michelangelo's murals, whose stupendous scope and power have awed the world for centuries.



MICHELANGELO'S LIFE WAS A STORMY CREATIVE SURGE

The world best remembers Michelangelo for his Sistine frescoes which, during 1950, will be seen by thousands of visitors to Rome in celebration of Holy Year. Yet the talents of the impassioned genius extended far beyond the art of painting. He was primarily a sculptor and left behind more than 30 beautiful marble statues. He was also an architect and designed some of the most famous edifices in Italy, among them the soaring dome of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. In fact, all the glories of Renaissance culture (*LIFE*, March 3, 1947), both glitteringly secular and deeply spiritual, culminated in his work which poured forth unchecked during a prodigious lifetime of 89 years.

A moody country boy, the son of a local magistrate, Michelangelo was born in 1475 in the village of Caprese. In nearby Florence the spirit of the Renaissance was already flowering under the influence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the great prince of the Medici. At 15 the young artist, whose ability to draw astonished the best masters in Florence, was taken into the palace of the prince where for two years he explored the art of sculpture. Then, after Lorenzo's death in 1492, he carved a sleeping cupid in the ancient style of the Greeks. The cupid got into the hands of a dealer who passed it off in Rome as a genuine antique. When its true authorship was discovered some Roman nobles, impressed by Michelangelo's skill, gave him several commissions. These were so successful that the officials of Florence commissioned him to carve a tremendous statue of David which made him, at 29, the most renowned sculptor in Italy.

For most of his life Michelangelo worked in Rome under the Popes, the most lavish patrons of the time, but he quarreled bitterly with them as he did with almost everyone he knew. Sensitive and impatient, he repeatedly flew into fits of stubborn fury. In fact his equally explosive benefactor, Pope Julius II, literally had to force him to paint

the Sistine frescoes. Sulking in Florence at the time over a previous altercation with Julius, Michelangelo refused twice to come to Rome and execute the murals. He consented the third time only on the insistence of the Florentine government, which feared that the enraged Pope would attack the city of Florence with the papal army.

But once Michelangelo had set to work (helped by several assistants) he became feverishly engrossed. A lean, sinewy man with a forked beard, piercing eyes and a flattened nose that had been broken in a fist fight, he painted standing on a huge scaffolding, his head crooked back and his face splattered with wet plaster. His vision became virtually fixed in this position so that he could not even read a book unless he held it above him. As months wore by he grew more irascible, his body ached, and worse, the Pope kept hurrying him on. One day Julius, on demanding why the frescoes were not yet finished, received such an impertinent reply that he threatened to hurl Michelangelo from the scaffold. "That you shall not do to me!" growled the artist, who promptly had the scaffold torn down. He refused to rebuild it. Sick and miserable with physical agonies, he left the final touches undone.

In his last years Michelangelo mellowed into a meditative old bachelor. Although he had grown rich, he lived, as always, like an ascetic in a shabby, cluttered house in Rome. He wrote philosophical poems about death, and suffering from insomnia, he would rise at night and, by the light of a candle attached to a thick paper cap, carve a madonna. Then in the winter of 1564 he died. With his last words he willed his substance to his relatives, his body to the earth and his soul to God.

COPIES of the Sistine frescoes, never before so extensively reproduced in color, can be obtained in album form at museums throughout the U.S. and Canada for 25¢.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOR BY FRANK LERNER

GOD'S SEPARATION of light and dark (*opposite*) is the first of the scenes on the Sistine ceiling dealing with the Creation of the world. God

appears as a relatively indistinct shape, emerging in His full glory from the swirling, amorphous substance of an as yet undetermined universe. →



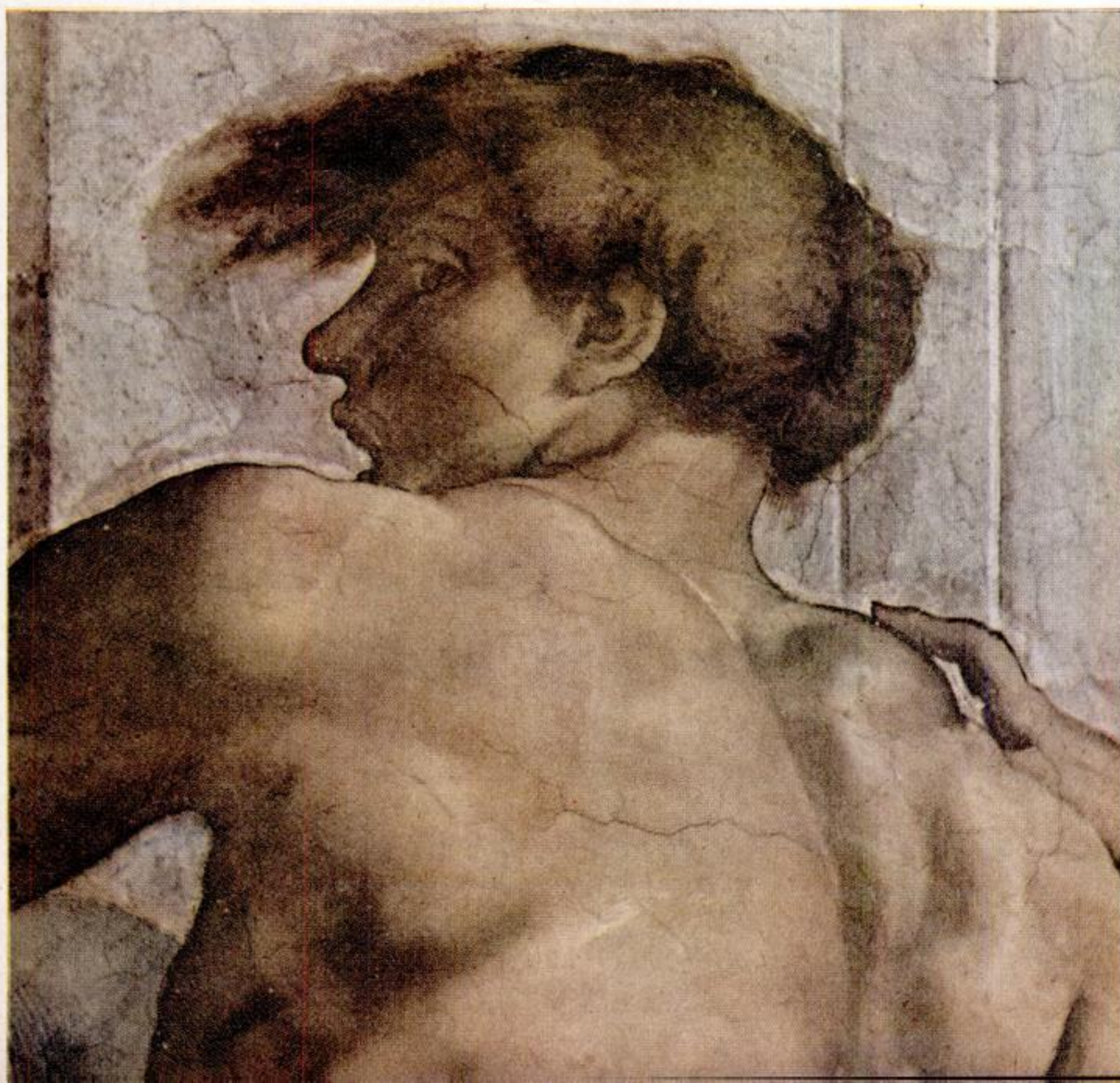
AVENGING ANGEL is a drawing for the Last Judgment (*pp. 44-48*) painted by Michelangelo in the chapel 29 years after he did ceiling.



MIGHTY GESTURE OF GOD CREATES SUN AND MOON

With the Creation in full progress God (*right and below*) has become a clearly visible figure in whom Michelangelo personified the awesome forces of the universe. Terrible in His wrath, gentle in His love of man, Michelangelo's God is a super-being who, like a stern and magnificently bearded judge, commands the love and fear of ordinary mortals. At right God is surrounded by frightened young spirits as He proceeds with the tremendous task of creating the sun (symbolized by the sphere at the top) and the moon (*right*) with a single mighty gesture. Then, whirling through space (*left, rearview*) under the blinding light of the new sun, He brings into being the first plant life (*lower left*). In the panel below, God looks down on the beginnings of the earth and, stretching out his massive arms, creates the sky and the water.





YOUTH'S HEAD is a detail from one of 140 figures Michelangelo painted to decorate the edges of his huge composition.

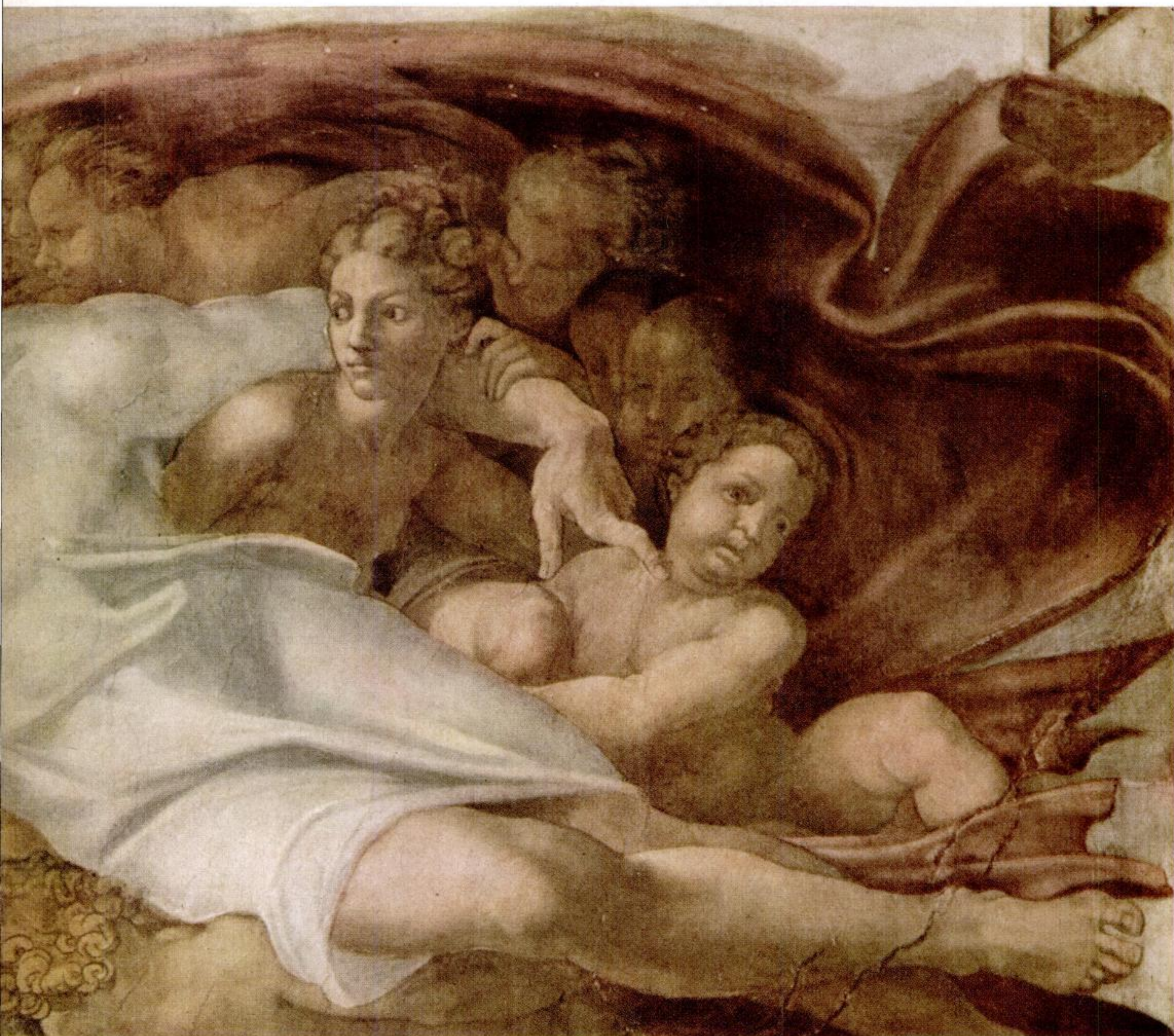
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GOD TOUCHES ADAM AND HE BEGINS TO BREATHE

In the Bible story God gave life to Adam by breathing into his nostrils. But to achieve a more powerful composition, Michelangelo painted the event as shown above in this detail from the Creation of Adam. Enclosed in a swirling mantle, God extends his right arm to touch the hand of Adam. The hands themselves (which are shown in the close-up at right) tell the story. God's is charged with life, while Adam's, an instant before it is touched, still hangs limp and lifeless. Under God's left arm is a young girl who has been identified as the yet uncreated Eve. Looking with strange fascination in the direction of Adam, she already seems to be tempted by mortal sin. The head at the left, from one of the figures bordering the Creation panels, suggests the wonder and awe of mortal men for these miraculous events.



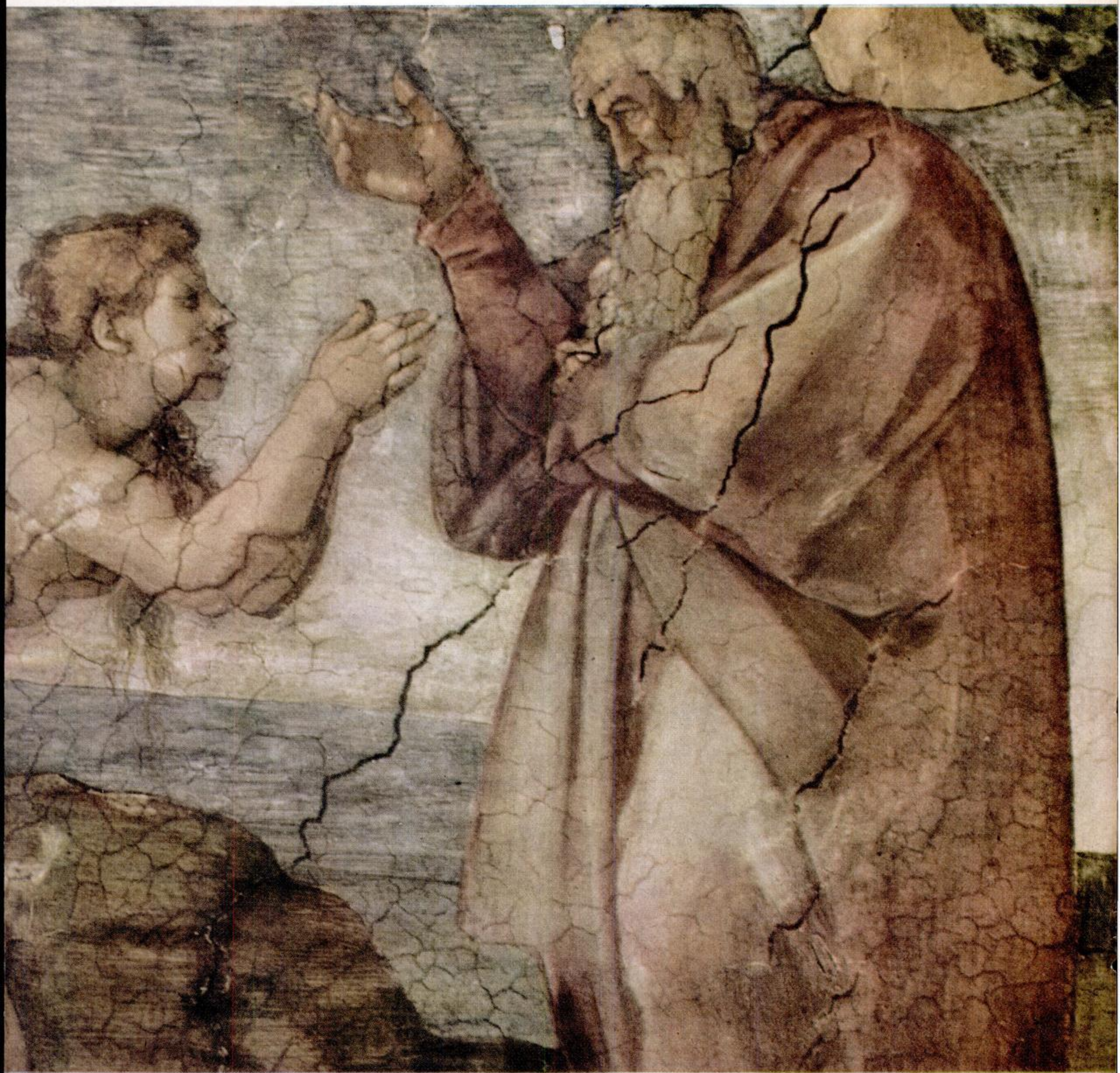


HELLENIC HEAD from a decorative figure near the Eve panel (*right*) has a dreamy, almost feminine expression although, as in many of Michelangelo's figures, the head is set on a big and aggressively masculine torso.



REFLECTIVE GAZE of another decorative figure conveys a feeling of deep insight into the mysteries of the universe. This head repeats the feminine and essentially Greek cast of features of the head shown above.





RAISING HER UP FROM ADAM'S BODY, GOD CREATES THE FIRST WOMAN

In the scene above from the Creation of Eve, Michelangelo struck a totally different mood. God has lost His formidably heroic appearance and has become, instead, a philosophical old patriarch who looks more like mortal man than He does in any other place on the Sistine ceiling. Eve, moreover, appears as a plain, buxom peasant girl with long stringy hair whom Michelangelo might have seen anywhere during sketching trips among the farms of Tuscany. Only the act of the creation, quietly going on in a lonely setting of infinite sea and sky

stretching into the distance, gives the impression of being entirely divine. Closely following the Bible story that God made Eve out of one of Adam's ribs, Michelangelo portrayed God with His hand raised like that of a magician as He literally draws Eve up out of the left side of Adam (*lower left*). Eve emerges into the world with her hands clasped in an instinctive position of reverence for her creator. She holds her lips open as she gasps for air, and in a first clumsy attempt to walk she has straightened out her left leg, leaving her right one still bent. The feeling of pensiveness which Michelangelo has conveyed in the expression of God's face suggests the Platonic conception of divine power (revived and widely believed in during the Renaissance) that God could create new beings by the sheer force of His thought alone.

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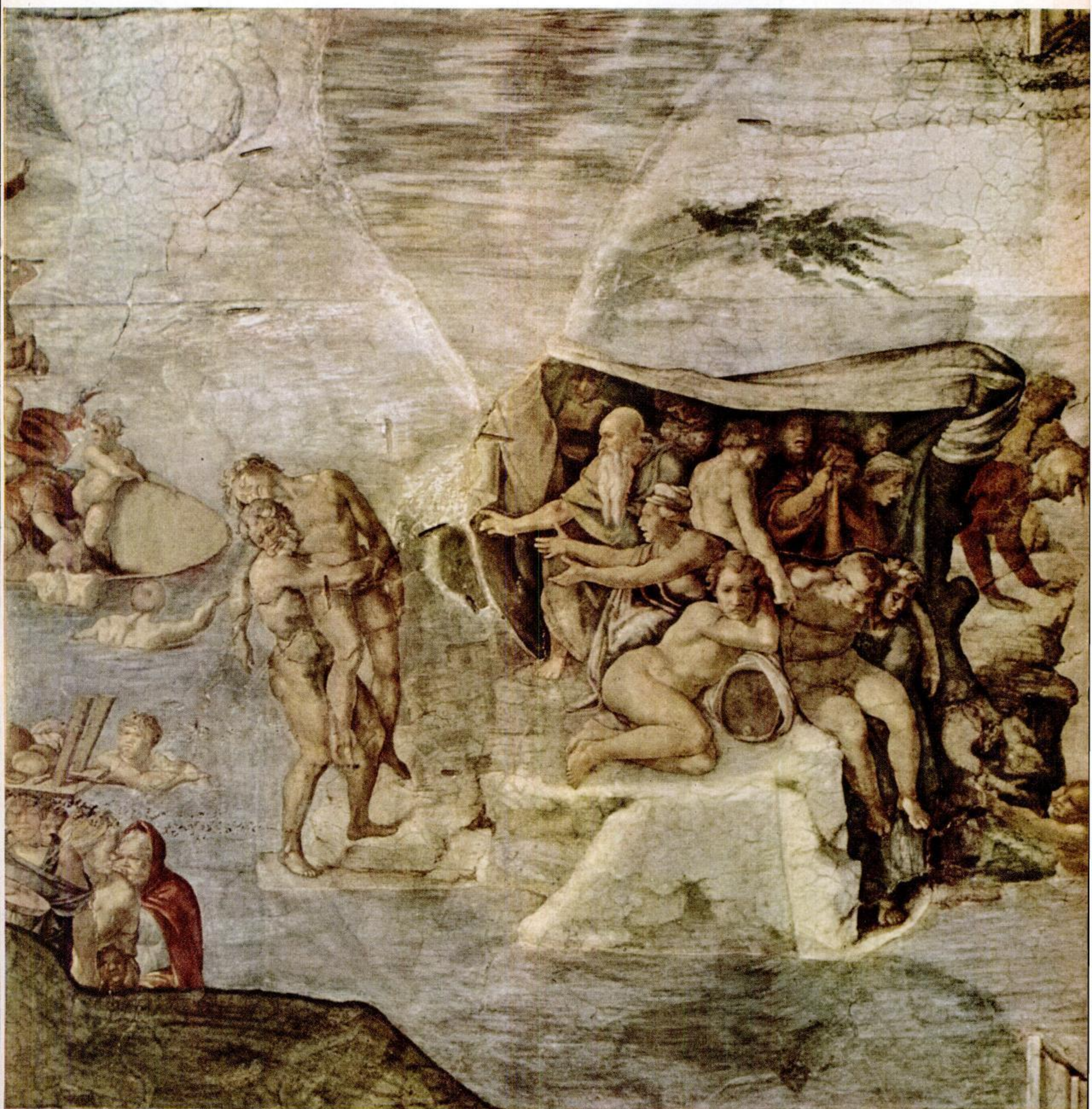


GRINNING HEAD (*above*) and the nude (*right*) are details from figures bordering the sacrifice scene below. Though unrelated to it, they add a pagan atmosphere to the total effect.



NOAH'S SACRIFICE, which occurred after the Deluge, shows the hero of the ark (*top center*) with his wife (*right*) presiding over a sacrifice of his animals to demonstrate obedience to God. His sons and their wives

(*foreground*) prepare the ceremony. One son, kneeling in the center, kindles the altar fire. Another, astride the dead ram, passes along an offering of entrails while a third son (*right*) brings in an armful of firewood.



of dry land. Some have salvaged a few possessions. A woman (*center*) carries her kitchen stool on her head while a young man next to her clutches a bundle of clothes and a frying pan. Above them is a foundering skiff crowded with men punching and clubbing each other in their frantic efforts to save their own lives. At the top Noah's ark dominates the composition. On the right side of the ark Noah's arm is stretching from a window toward the crescent moon which, like the dove perched on the ark, is a symbol of everlasting hope. The scene in the right half of the panel is shown in detail on the next two pages.

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MOTHER AND CHILD portrays a mother's defiance in protecting her baby from the Flood. The billowing mantle may have influenced Raphael in painting his famous Sistine Madonna, which has a similar cloak.



HUSBAND AND WIFE shows a man's will to save his mate, who looks back at the Flood in fright. Like that at top, this composition inspired scenes by Raphael, who was overwhelmed when he first saw the ceiling.



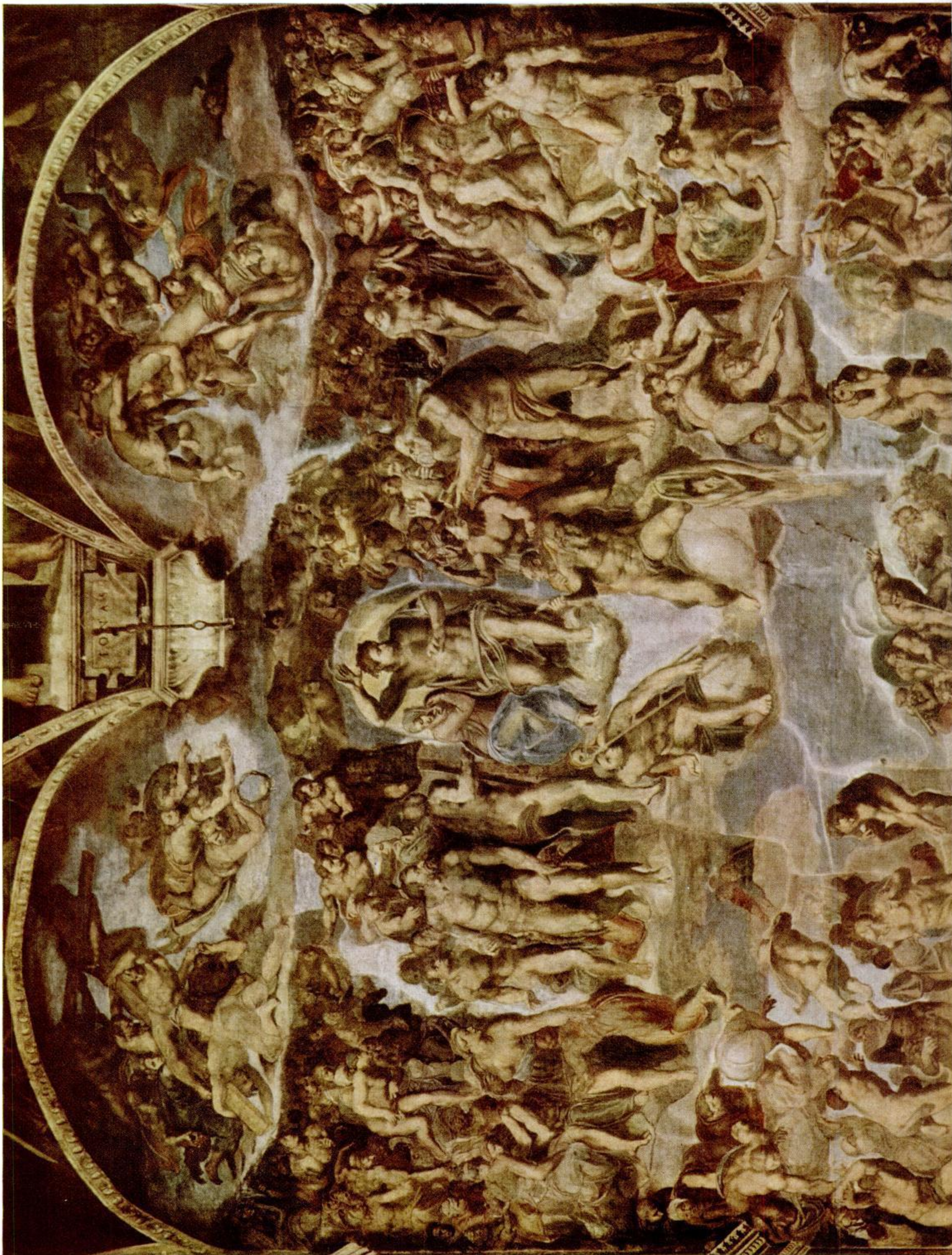


VICTIMS OF THE GREAT DELUGE HELPLESSLY AWAIT THEIR DOOM

With this detail Michelangelo brought to its dramatic peak the utter hopelessness of the victims of the Flood. Marooned on a rock, they huddle under a crude and sagging tent. At left a man with his face twisted in an expression of monumental agony staggers under the weight of his son's body as he carries it back to his grief-stricken wife and the patriarch, who wait with their arms outstretched. In the center a stunned young man leaning on a wine keg seems to have given

up all hope. Another next to him has tried to make the prospect of death more cheerful by getting drunk. He slumps forward over the ledge and is kept from falling into the water by a solicitous friend. Behind him others, weeping and praying in their terror, attempt to rescue their kin from the irresistible rush of the Flood. This panel is one of the few on the ceiling which have sustained any physical damage. In 1797 an accidental explosion, set off by revolutionary conspirators in the arsenal of a nearby Vatican fortress, obliterated part of the upper portion of the fresco. Formerly a tree stood behind the lefthand corner of the tent, but now all that is visible of it are the vague outlines of its trunk and (*upper right*) a sparse cluster of leaves.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





SINNERS ARE CONDEMNED TO HELL BY CHRIST'S FURIOUS JUDGMENT

Twenty-four years after Michelangelo completed the Sistine ceiling he returned to execute on the altar wall of the chapel this titanic mural of the Last Judgment. Forty feet wide, 45 feet high, it is one of the largest single frescoes ever painted. In it Michelangelo, then in his 60s, reached his height in the expression of awesome power. On seeing it for the first time, the Pope himself is said to have fallen to his knees in prayer. Under the two arches at the top Michelangelo symbolized the sins of man by painting demonic angels pulling down the cross (*left*) and the sacred post (*right*) where Christ was whipped. Below, the fearful judgment takes place. Christ rises from His throne, His face turned toward the damned, and with a mighty gesture speaks

His terrifying verdict. Beside Him the Virgin Mary flinches from His anger. Flanking Him are the saints sharing Christ's rage at the sinners who have made a mockery of their martyrdom. One of them, St. Bartholomew, sits below and to the right of Christ, and holds in one hand the knife with which he was flayed to death. In the other hand he holds his own mortal skin, in which Michelangelo whimsically painted a distorted portrait of himself. To the right of him are St. Catherine, with part of the spiked wheel on which she was tortured and killed, and St. Sebastian, gripping the arrows which caused his death. Below the saints huge cherubs blow trumpets to awaken the dead (*bottom left*), whose souls rise from the muck of their graves to be hauled up before Christ for judgment. Opposite, fiends with talons on their feet herd the howling mass of the damned before Minos (*extreme lower right*) who, with the ears of an ass and a serpent around his waist, is the Judge of Hell. Details of the work follow on the next three pages.

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TRUMPETING ANGELS summon the dead on Judgment Day. The leading angel holds the Book of Life which records the names of the righteous; the one at right, the Book of Death, listing the sinners to be sent

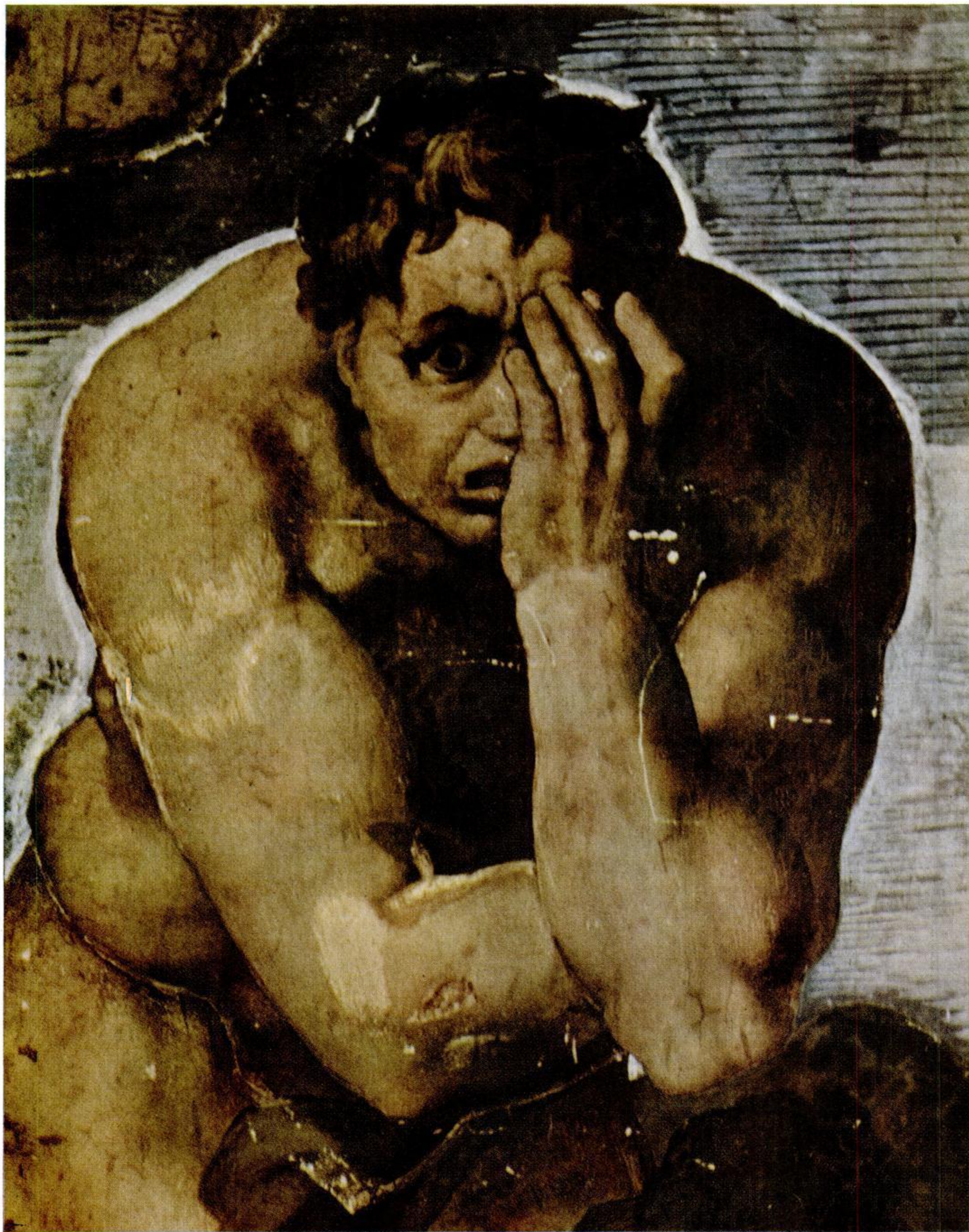
to damnation. The angels' loincloths (worn by most of the male figures in the fresco) were added by another artist 27 years after the work was finished, in a prudish Vatican revolt against Michelangelo's explicit nudity.



THE DEAD, responding to the chorus of trumpets (*opposite page*), emerge from the soil in varying degrees of decay, still draped in their shrouds, fearfully looking up at the spectacle of the heavenly host.

CHARON (*below*), the ferryman of Hell, beats the damned with an oar, driving them toward Minos. Michelangelo drew from Dante's *Inferno*, which describes Charon as a "demoniac form with eyes of burning coal."

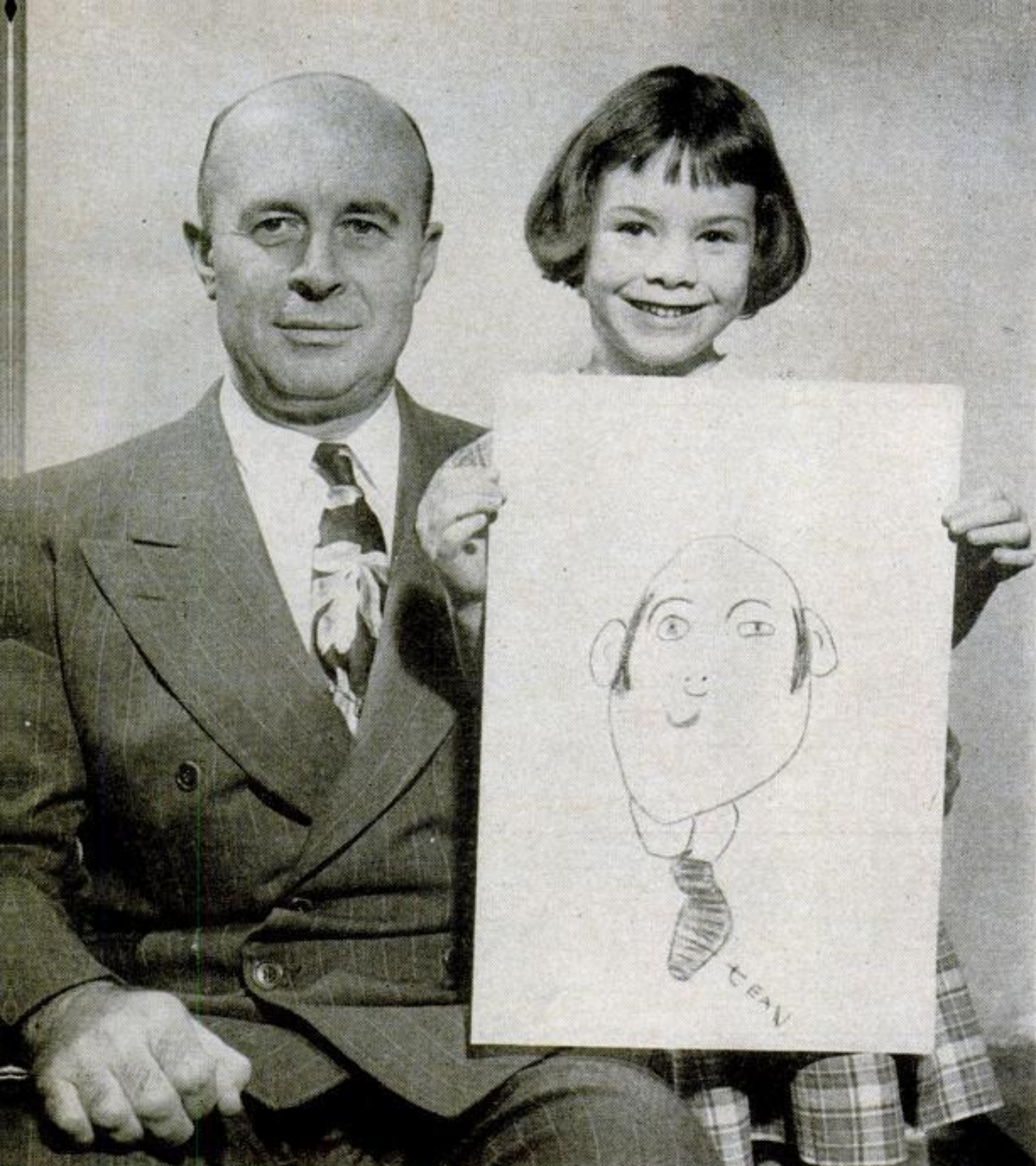




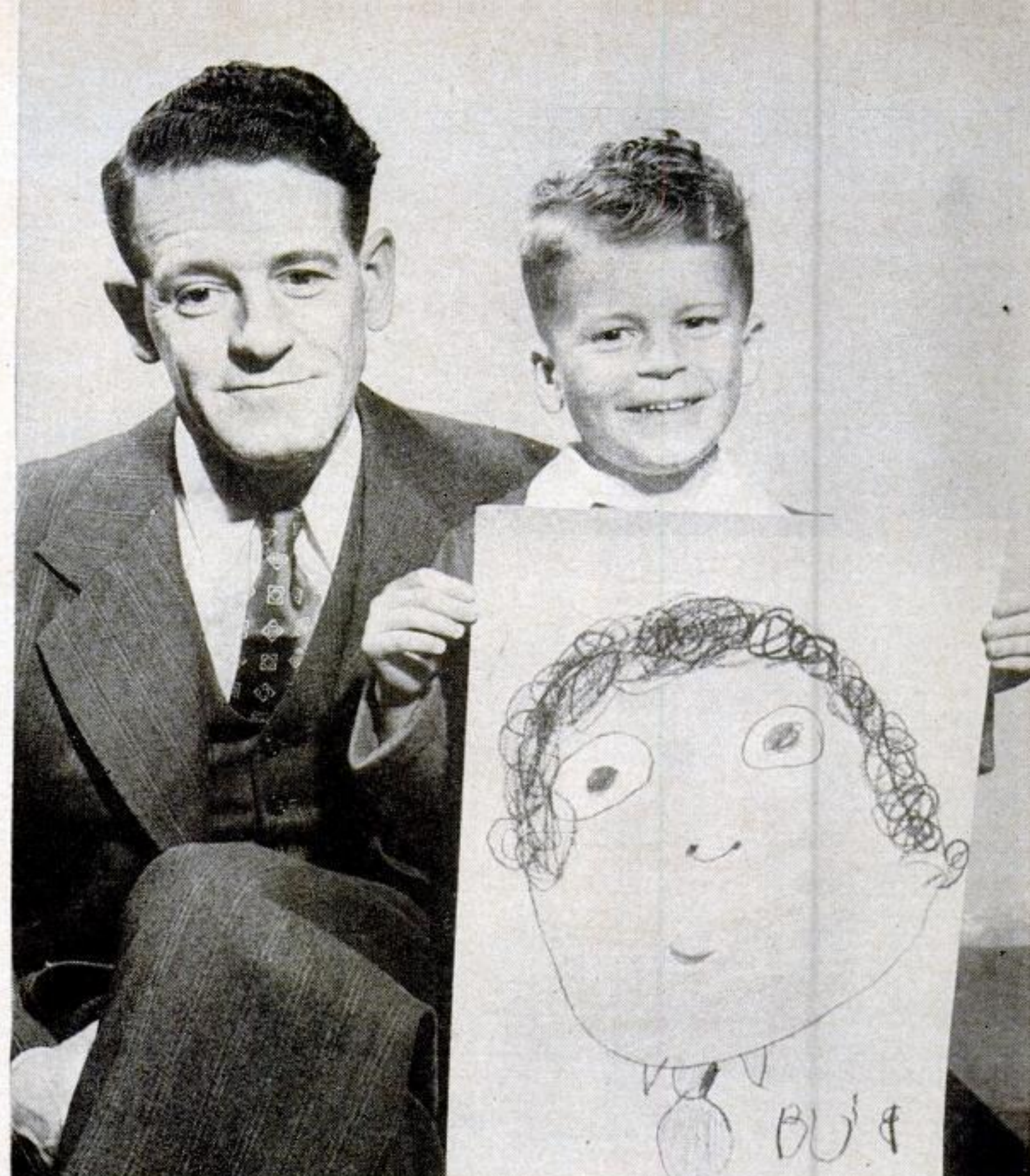
CONDEMNED SINNER clutches his face in horror as he suddenly realizes he has been committed to Hell. Here Michelangelo caught the full implication of the man's fate, an eternity totally without hope.

BRONZE HEAD (*right*) of Michelangelo was taken from the death mask which was made by Daniele da Volterra, his devoted follower. His sensitive, brooding character is still visible in the 89-year-old face. ➔

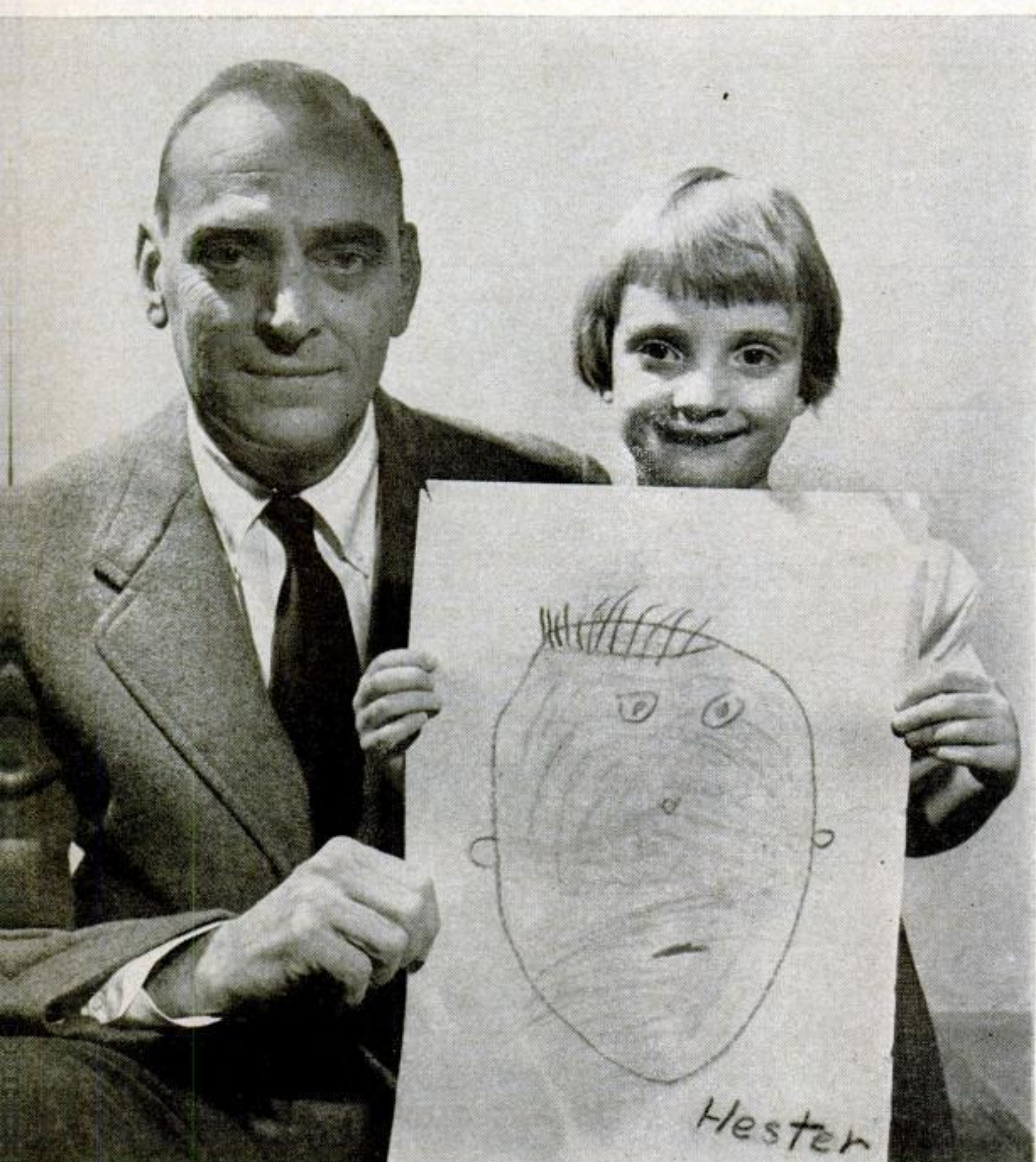




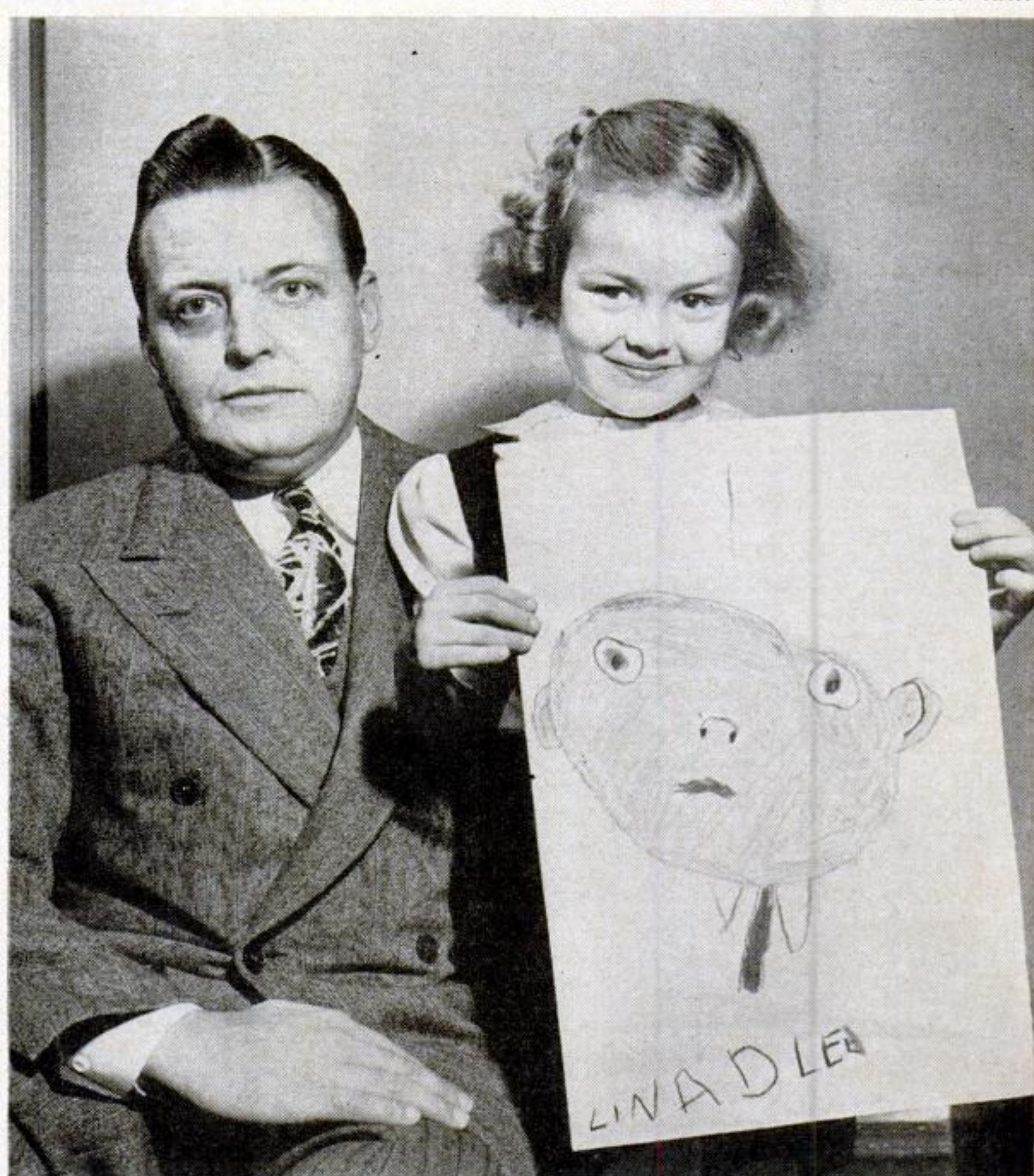
LOUIS FREEMAN'S DAUGHTER JEAN ACCURATELY DREW HIS BALD HEAD



RAYMOND MARTEL'S SON DAVID WAS CAREFUL TO GIVE HIS DADDY ENOUGH HAIR



HESTER DUFFIELD HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH HER FATHER'S CREW CUT



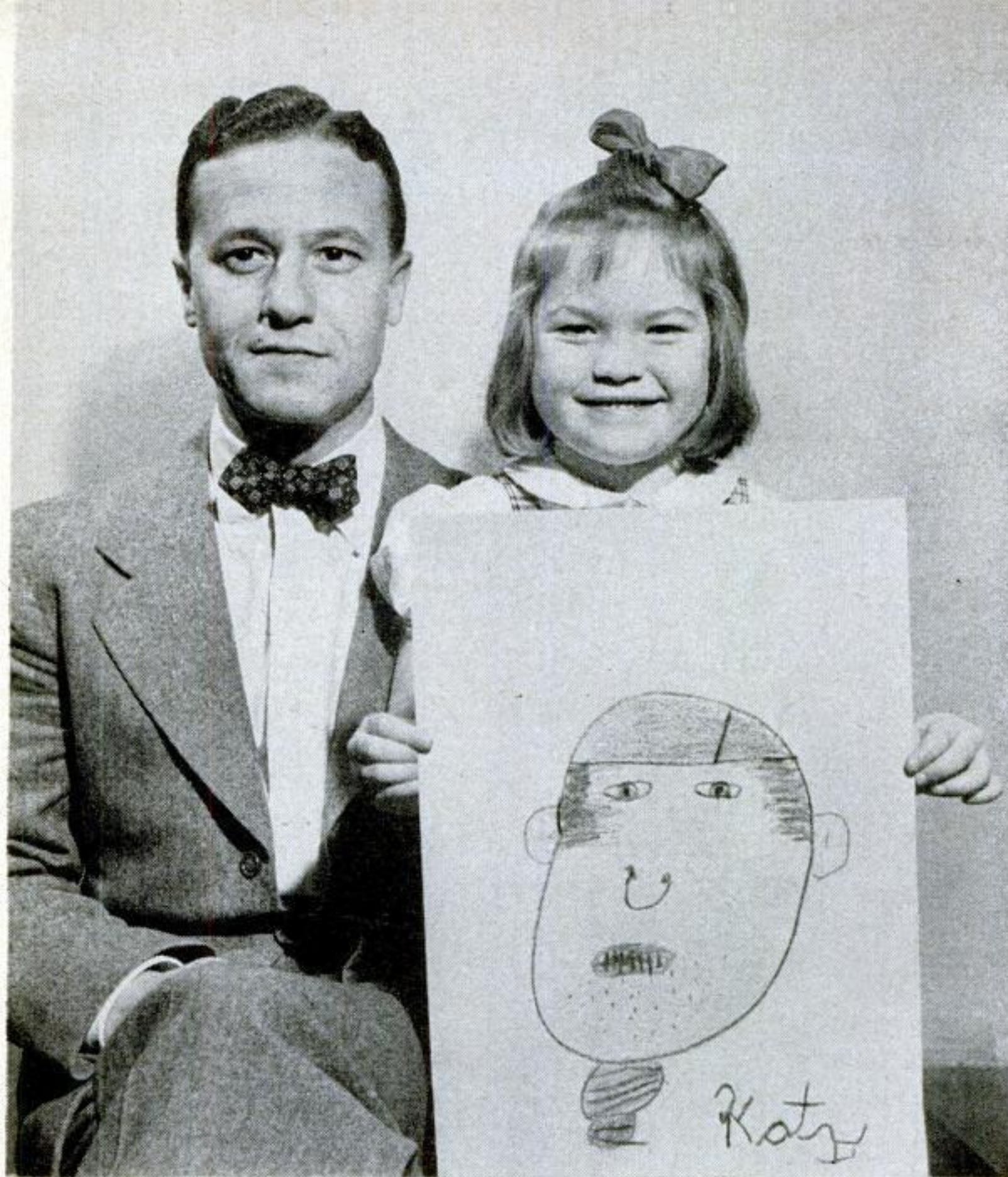
LINDA LEE BURKE GAVE A FINE INTERPRETATION OF HER FATHER'S PAINED LOOK

KIDS PORTRAY POP

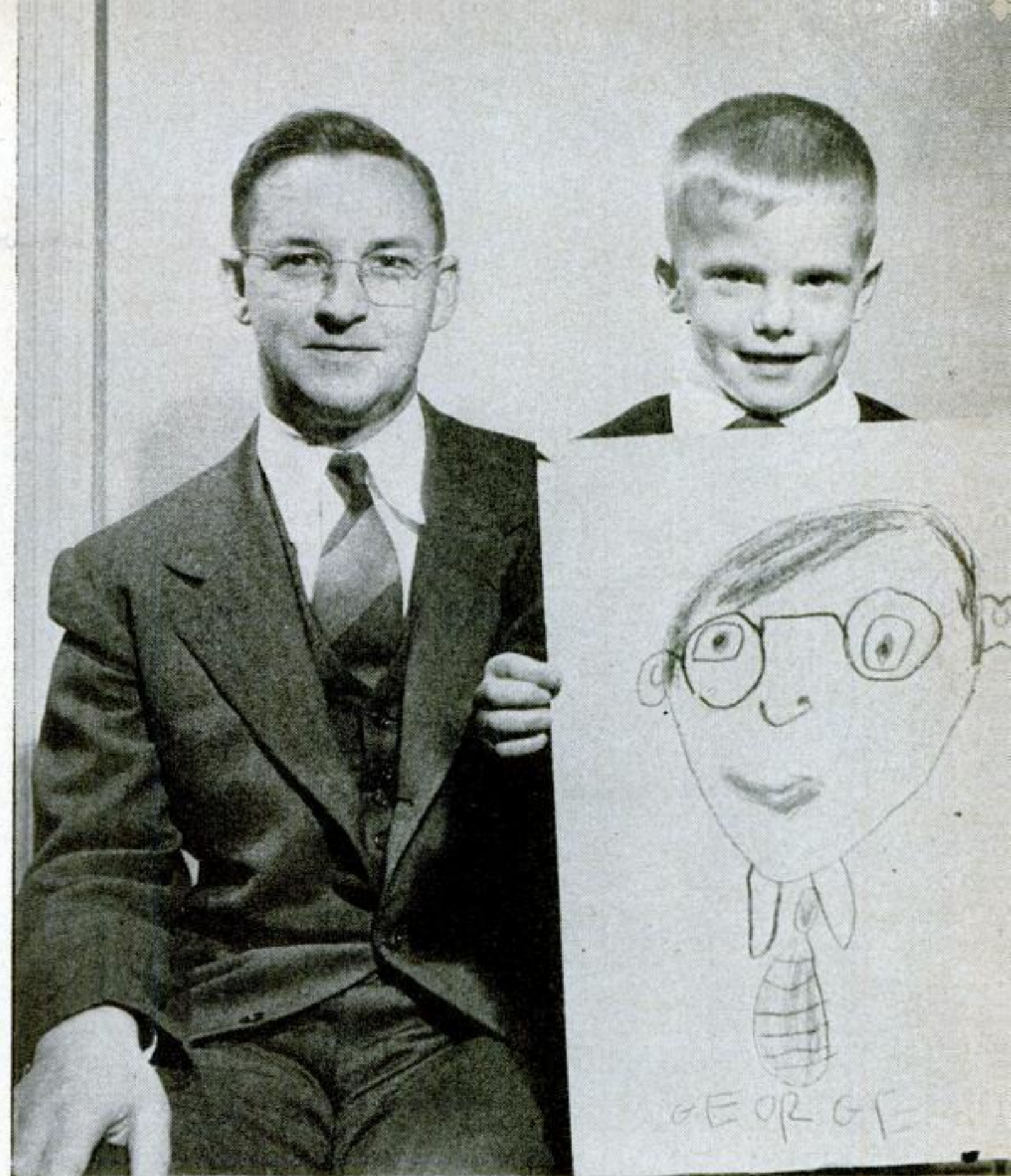
Connecticut kindergarten pupils surprise fathers with some unexpectedly accurate portrait studies

One morning recently, in the kindergarten of the Sedgwick Elementary School in West Hartford, Conn., Teacher Doris Morcom started the day off with an art project. Equipping each member of the class with paper and crayons, she announced brightly, "Now we'll all draw daddy." To simplify the problem, she drew a few basic head shapes on the blackboard and instructed her pupils to peer at each other closely to check on the location of eyes, ears, noses. Then, with reckless abandon, she said, "Close your eyes and try to remember how daddy looked this morning."

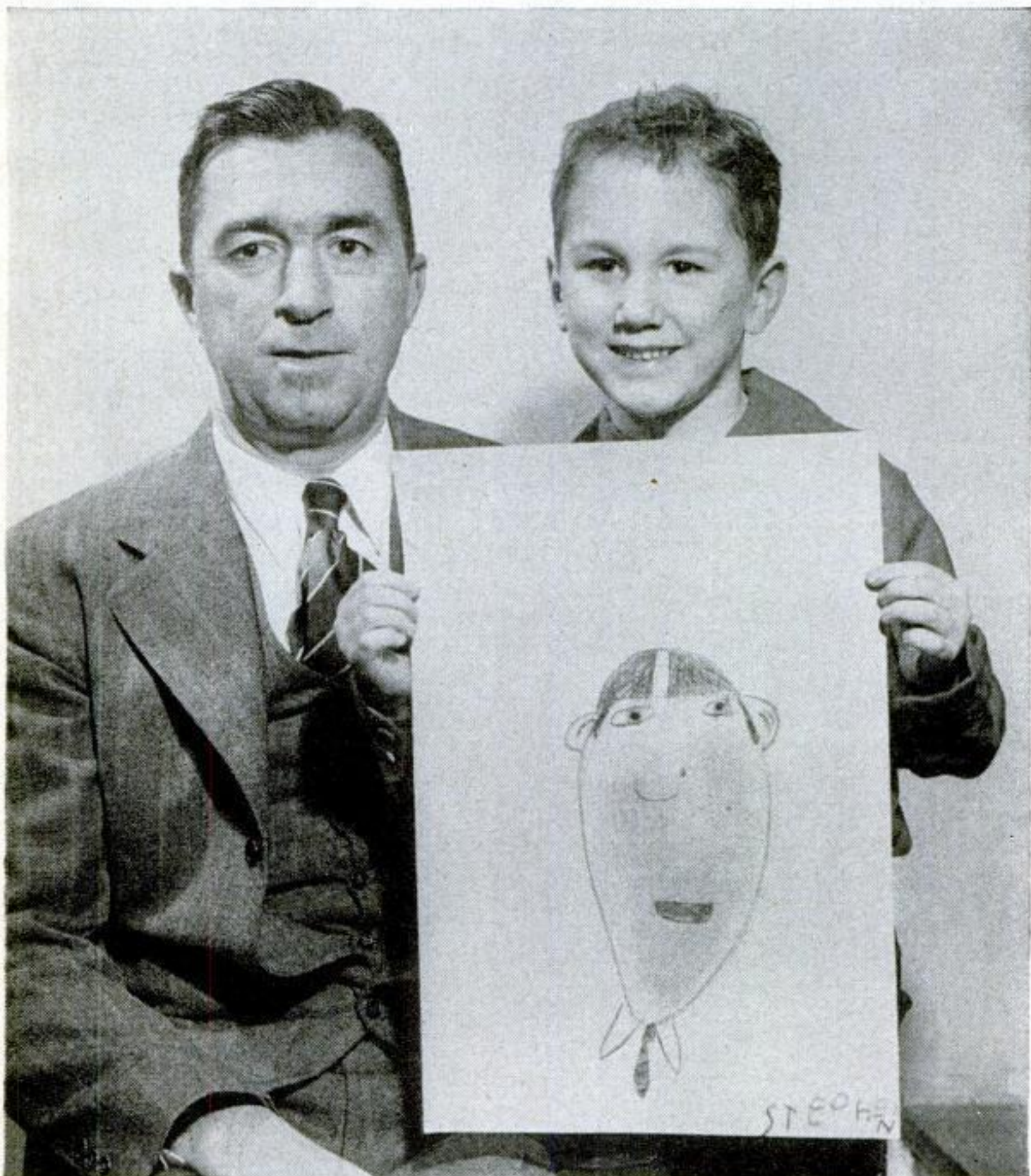
A few days later, on Fathers' Night, the subjects of the kindergarten portraits came to visit the school and were confronted with their likenesses pasted on the



KATHY BITTER ACCURATELY RECALLED DADDY BEFORE HE SHAVED THAT MORNING



GEORGE HAMILTON GAVE HIS BESPECTACLED DADDY A RAKISH NEW HAIRDO



STEVIE MORRELL FORGOT HOW AND WHERE HIS FATHER PUT THE PART IN HIS HAIR

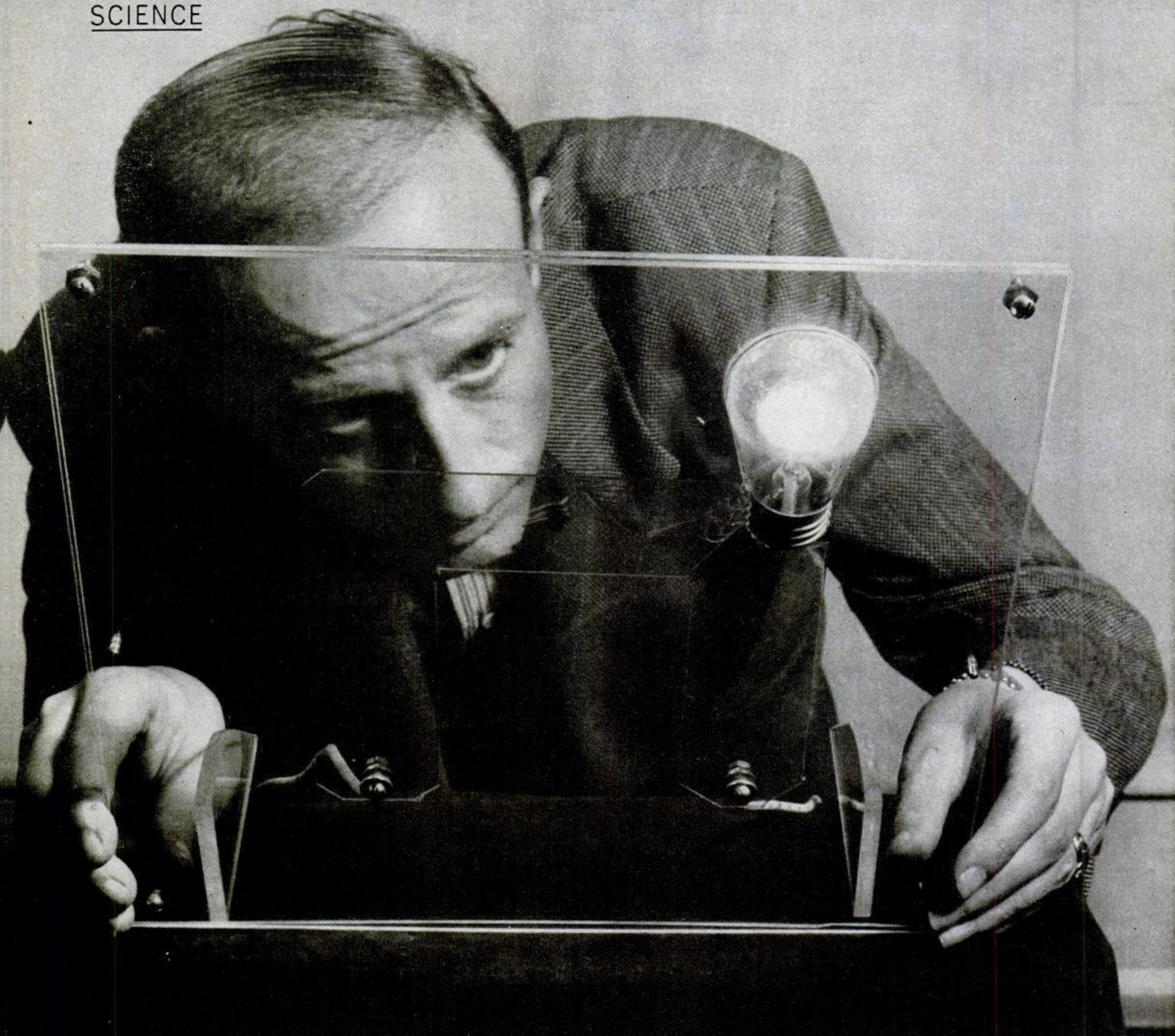


REV. EDWIN TULLER'S JOAN DREW HER FATHER IN STARTLED MOMENT

classroom walls. For some of them it was a shattering experience to see just what they looked like in the clear, unflattering eyes of their little prides and joys. They were not sure whether to be pleased with the accuracy or dismayed by the total effect. When Louis Freeman (*upper left*) came in the classroom, Teacher Morcom stepped right up to him and said, "Hello, Mr. Freeman." Since they had never met before, Mr. Freeman wanted to know how she recognized him. From the portrait, of course, said Miss Morcom, as Father Freeman flinched. Later the fathers posed with children and portraits for the pictures above. Then some of them tried their hand at drawing teacher (*right*) and came off distinctly second best to their offspring.

FOR FUN FATHERS TRIED SOME SKETCHES OF TEACHER DORIS MORCOM—>





WIRE-LESS BULB GLOWS AS CURRENT IS CARRIED TO IT THROUGH TWO STRIPS OF MARKITE WHICH HAVE BEEN MOUNTED ON A PANEL OF ORDINARY PLASTIC



STRENGTH of section of black Markite co-molded to piece of ordinary clear plastic is demonstrated above. The plastic section is only $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch thick, yet it supports a 50-pound bottle without breaking at joint.

ELECTRICITY WITHOUT WIRES

Tough, light plastics can carry a current better than many metals

The glowing light bulb above, which seems to be operating in defiance of the laws of physics and chemistry, demonstrates the unusual properties of a new addition to the varied and versatile family of plastics. The bulb is attached to two strips of a transparent substance called Markite, similar in appearance to ordinary Lucite. But while Lucite and all other plastics are such poor conductors of electricity that they are used extensively as insulators, Markite can conduct electricity better than graphite and certain metals.

The new plastic, which was developed by Dr. M. A. Coler of New York University in collaboration with the Naval Ordnance Laboratory, is expected to bring about some radical changes in

the electrical industry. Markite can be made in several forms which have conductivities as high as mercury or as low as distilled water, depending on the purpose for which they are needed. Weight for weight some are as strong as aluminum, but they are only about one half as heavy. They can be easily shaped, machined and co-molded with certain nonconductive plastics. Unlike any other plastics, they can even be directly plated with metal. While the present cost is high—several dollars a pound—they are being put to some important and specialized uses: as conductive parts in radar equipment, in instruments for atomic research and in surgical equipment, where metal may throw off a spark and cause the anesthetic gas to explode.



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May your happiness
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*Like the singing sea, your engagement diamond endlessly repeats
its gladsome declarations. It speaks in dancing lights, of love,
of joys in dreams come true . . . it is the eternal symbol of
your hopes, your trust in one another. That is why your diamond,
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care, for nothing else on earth can take its place.*

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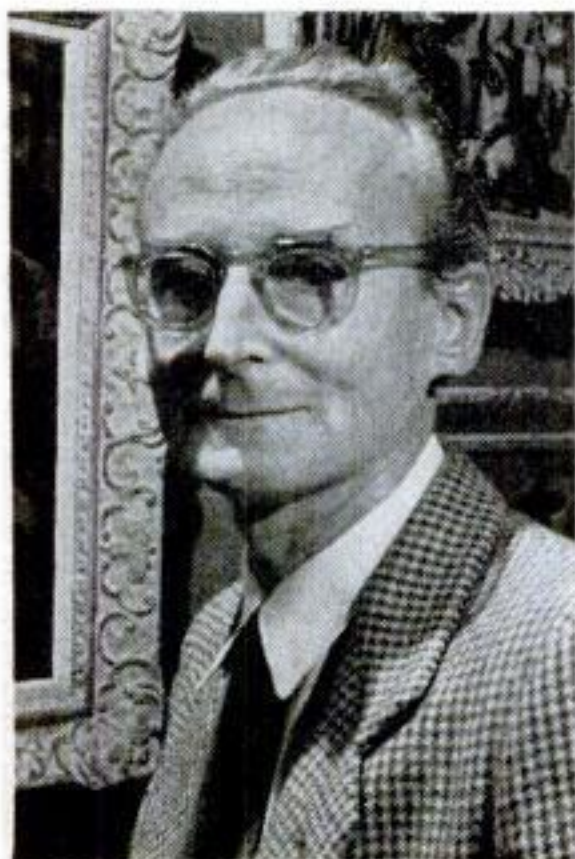
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PRIZE CHRISTMAS CARDS

Fat cash awards draw a strange assortment of art

The simple and friendly old custom of sending Christmas cards long ago expanded into a big business, but this year it has produced its first grand splash in the field of art. Last winter the Hallmark company of Kansas City, world's largest publisher of greeting cards, set out to sponsor the biggest international art contest in history and, presumably, get some designs for its own cards. The contest was open to any American or Frenchman for paintings on Christmas themes. Prizes totaled \$28,000, and individual prizes were as high as \$2,000. With such juicy bait nearly 10,000 artists, good and bad, proceeded to snap at it, and this month 100 of their works are being shown at New York's high-brow Wildenstein Galleries. Though the public cannot buy any cards until next year, LIFE shows some prizewinners and also-rans.

Judged as art, Hallmark's haul ranged from terrible to tolerable, with the Americans doing a little better than the French. But judged as Christmas cards, the results are so dubious that Mr. J. C. Hall, head of the company, wrote to his dealers saying, "Many of the Award paintings, even though reflecting the best in modern art, will not make good greeting cards, and only those that will have general appeal as Christmas cards will be published."



FRENCH WINNER is Edouard Goerg (left), who was awarded the top French prize of \$2,000 for his fuzzy-looking painting above, *Nativity with Birds*. Birds in this stable scene are roosting on the rafters. The rather Asiatic-looking Holy Family was painted from Goerg's imagination, but the cat is one of his household pets. A lean, frail man of 56, Goerg was born of English and French parents in Sydney, Australia. In Paris, where he now lives, a critic classified him as "one of the most prominent Grade B artists just below the level of men like Picasso."



AMERICAN WINNER is Fred Conway (left), who won top U.S. prize of \$2,000 for his *Mother and Child* (above). The judges felt his portrayal of a lanky lad on his mother's lap, composed somewhat in the manner of a stained-glass window, had "most highly spiritual quality" of any of the entries. Conway divides his time between painting, playing golf and teaching art at Washington University in St. Louis. Hallmark's judges were unable to choose between him and the French winner (far left) for the final international prize of \$3,500. So they split the amount between the two.

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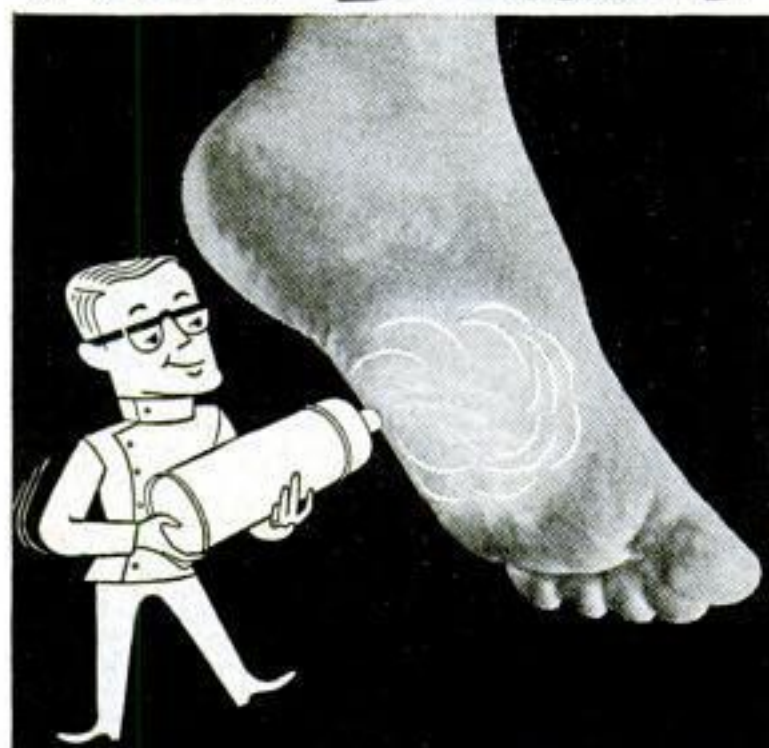
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Prize Cards CONTINUED

THESE WON RUNNER-UP PRIZES



AMERICAN SECOND PRIZE of \$1,500 was awarded to Mitchell Siporin of Brooklyn for his *Boy with Toys*. Although married, Siporin has no children.



FRENCH SECOND PRIZE, also \$1,500, went to Guillemette Morand for *Nativity at Saint-Paul de Vence*. Scene is from memory of southern France.

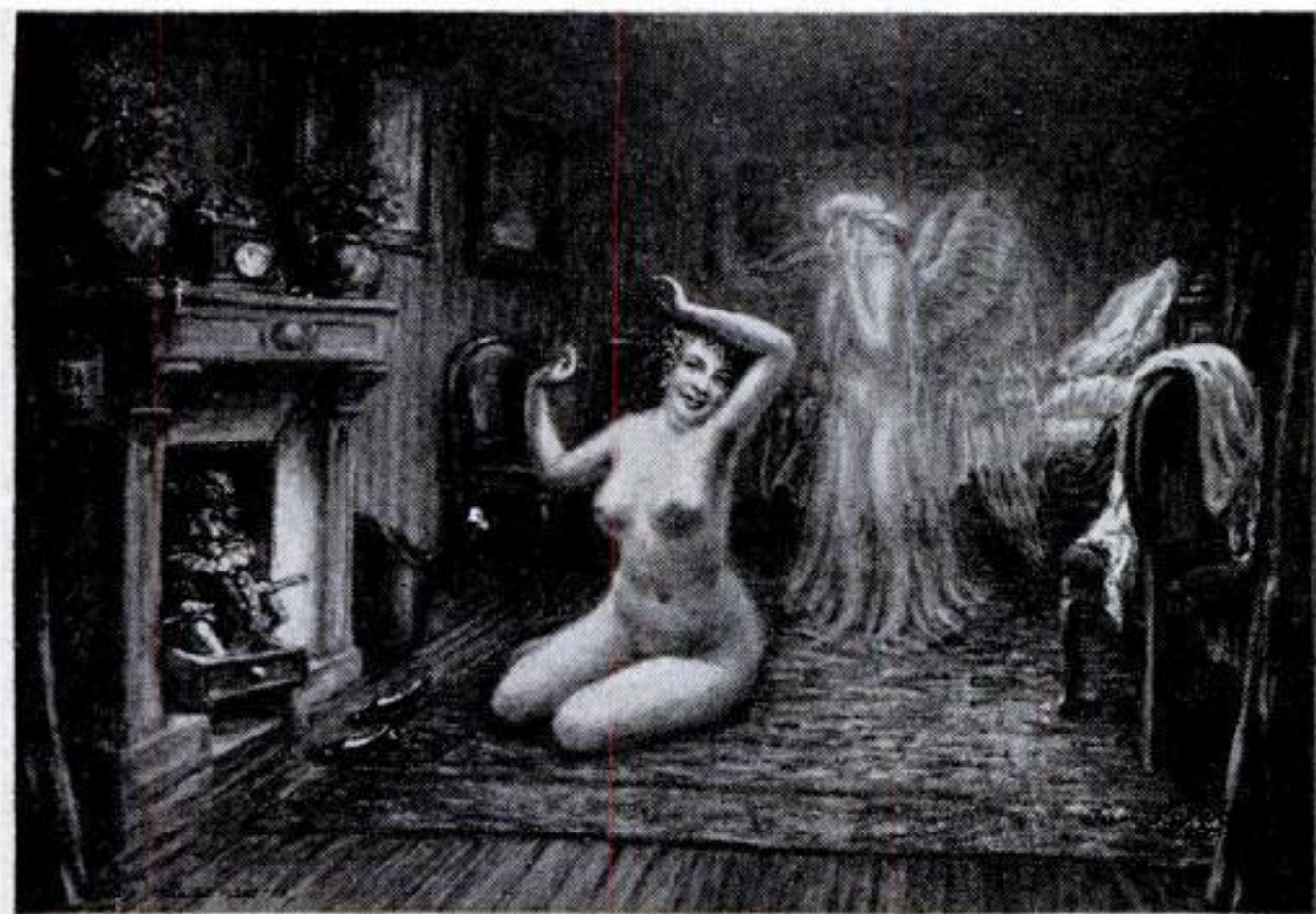


AMERICAN THIRD PRIZE of \$1,000 was won by Edmund Lewandowski of Milwaukee. His *Three Kings* presents the Magi in manner of playing cards.

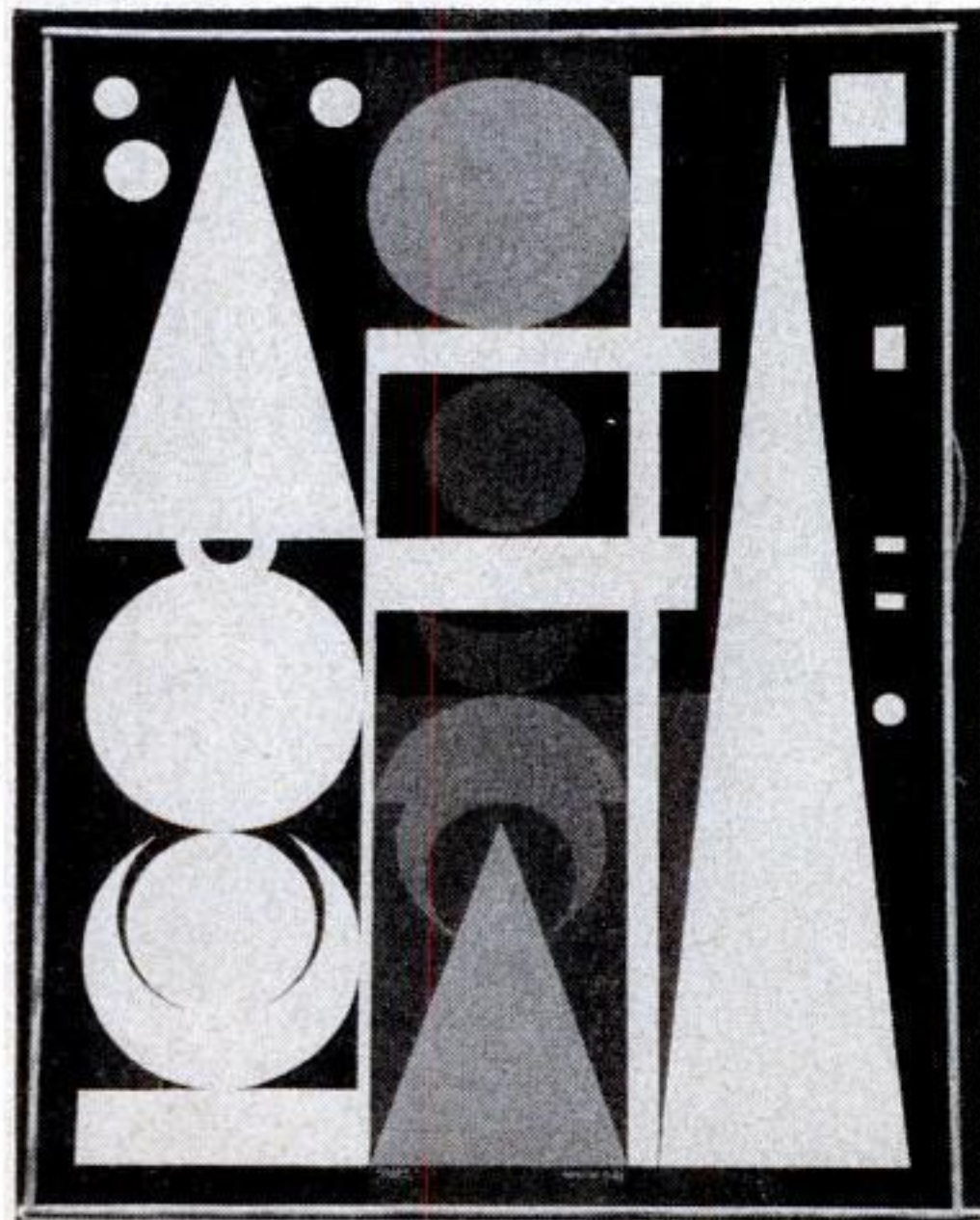
THESE ARE FRENCH ALSO-RANS



ODD BAS-RELIEF was submitted by a painter named Huyghi who concocted it with globs of paint, then baked it in an oven like a Christmas cooky.



"MERRY CHRISTMAS OF ROSETTE" by Joannes Robin shows buxom nude welcoming an angel, was rejected by the French jury on grounds of taste.



"NOEL" by Auguste Herbin was almost ousted by jury for not being in spirit of Christmas. They also had some trouble telling which was top, which bottom.

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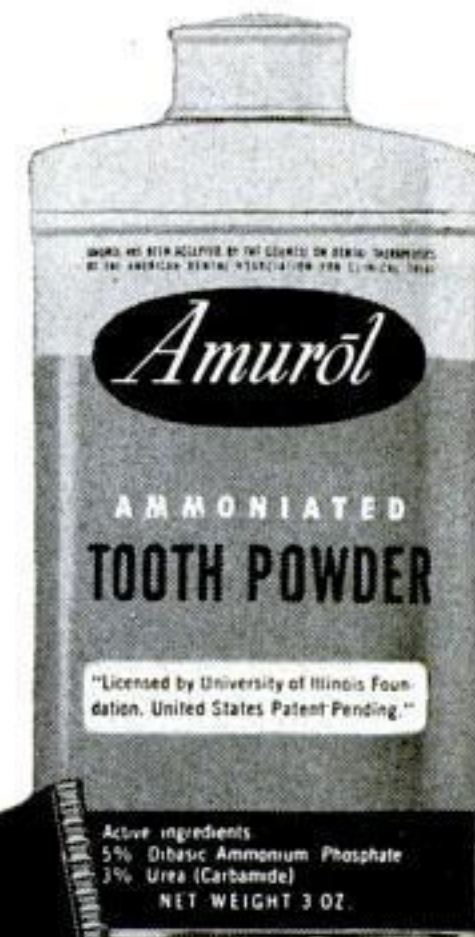
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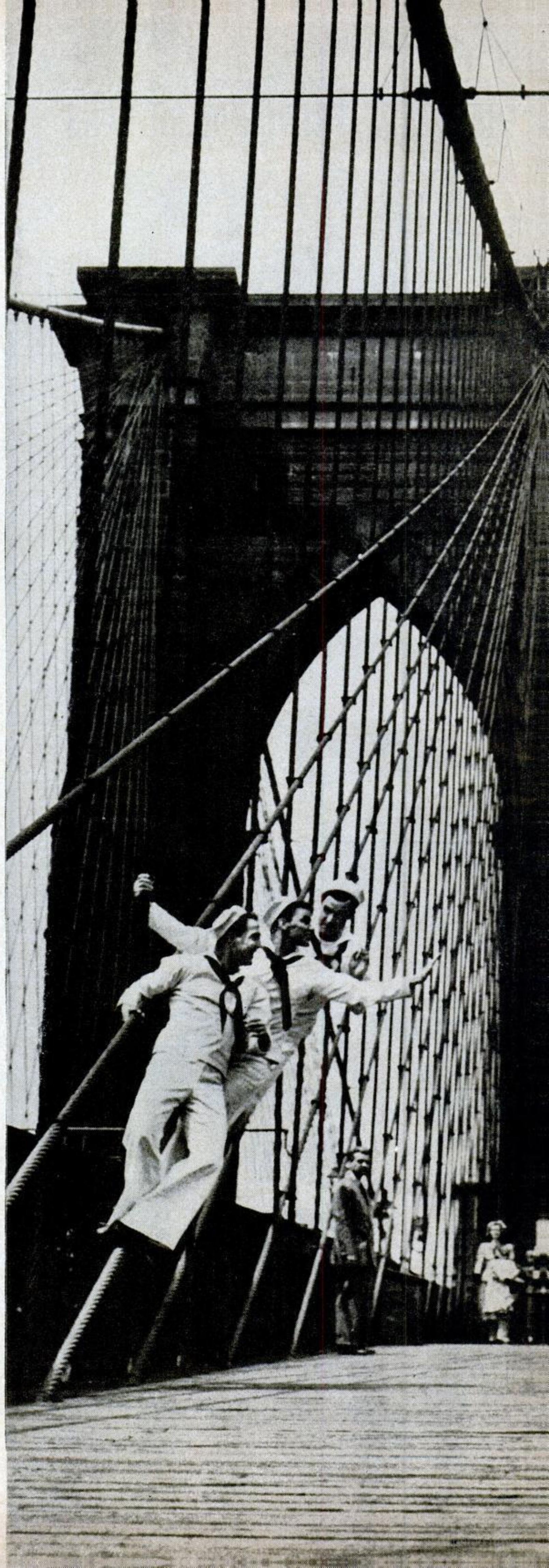
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Powder also in 33¢ size.

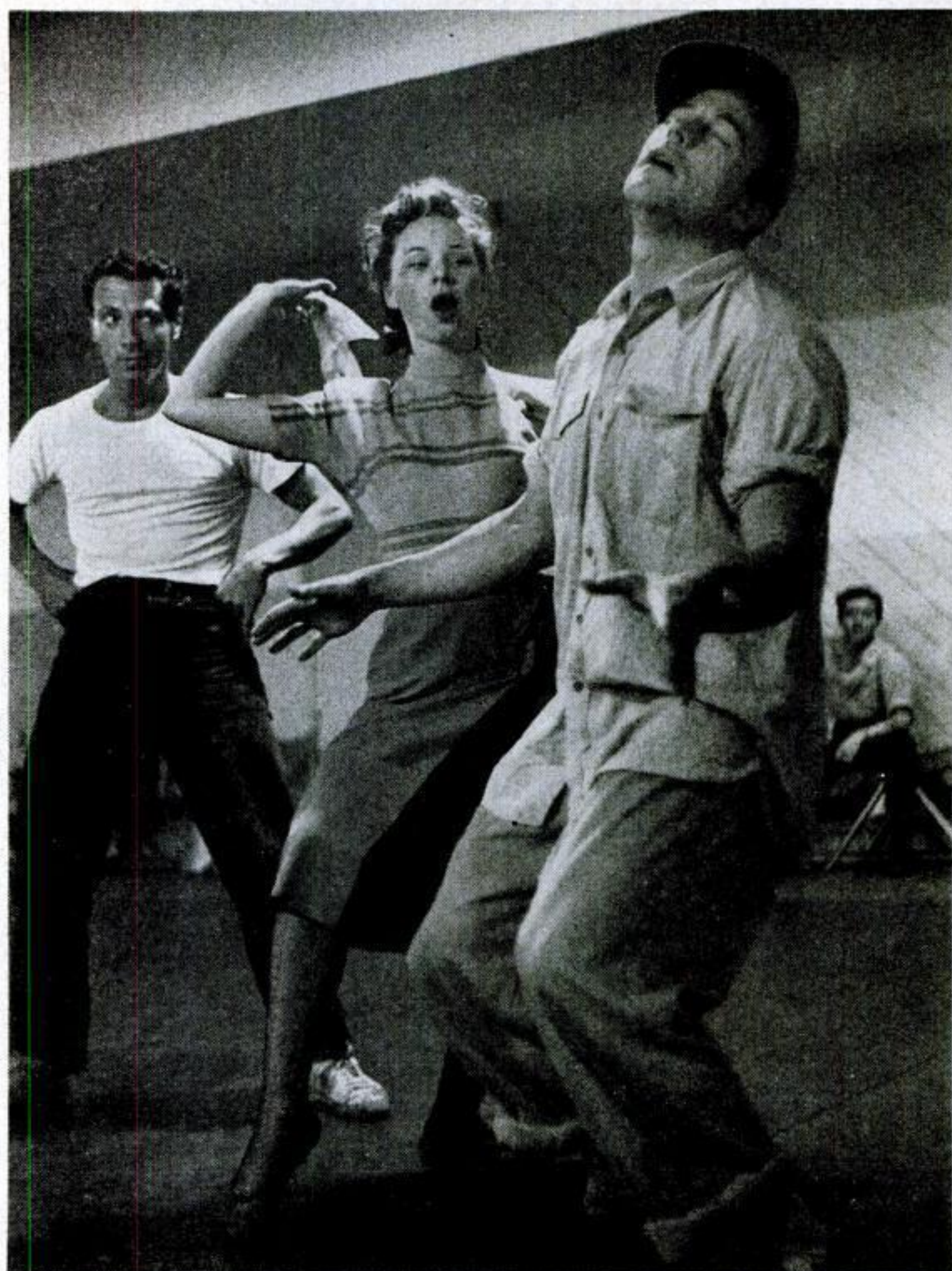
MOVIES



LOVE DANCE unites Gene Kelly and Vera-Ellen in a ballet dream sequence in which the lonely sailor meets the girl in a dance studio where she is practicing at a ballet bar.

SAILORS KELLY, SINATRA, MUNSHIN HANG ON TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE →





KELLY REHEARSES FOR A HANDKERCHIEF-DROPPING SCENE IN BALLET (BELOW)

THREE GOBS ON THE TOWN

Good dancing helps make a musical movie fast and gay

All the kicks, calisthenics and cavortings on these pages come from giving a 24-hour shore leave in New York to three sailors. When their feet are still, they get in some crooning and a good deal of love-making—to a demure cooch dancer, a brassy lady cabdriver and a man-crazy lady anthropologist. But mostly they keep hopping around on the frenetic mission that gives its name to M-G-M's Technicolor movie musical in which they are starred: *On The Town*. With fast gags and good music, the film keeps much of the bounce and vitality of the original Broadway hit show of 1945. The dances by themselves, with Gene Kelly as director and star performer, make gay recreation for anybody's holidays.



PICKUP DANCE at the start of the ballet finds three sailors prowling after two local girls who brazenly wave perfumed handkerchiefs in their faces to rouse their interest.



WALTIS KILBURN'S FAMILY ON TRACE BRANCH OF CUTSHIN CREEK IS ONE OF LESLIE COUNTY'S BIGGEST. ALL HIS 14 CHILDREN, RANGING

THE FRUITFUL MOUNTAINEERS

The chronic baby boom of a Kentucky county, denounced as "a biological joy ride to hell," rolls merrily along to replenish the nation

by T. S. HYLAND

THE great U.S. baby boom which reached its squalling crest in 1947 is now on the downgrade. It has started sliding back toward the neatly rationed, two-to-a-family level that seems a cherished feature of the American dream of middle-class respectability. Only in one area does the boom heedlessly persist: in Leslie County, deep in the Kentucky mountains.

There is always a baby boom in Leslie County. In fact its mountaineers are probably, in this respect, the busiest people on earth, multiplying at a birth rate (48.5) about double that of the U.S. as a whole and equal to that of the swarming hordes of China and India. Families of 10 and 12 children are common enough, but the modest average runs to six or seven.

This fabulous fertility prevails, to varying degree, throughout the six million hill people of the southern Appalachians. Their uninterrupted overflow, year after year, is coming down the mountains to people the nation's plains and cities. From Leslie County's own point of view,



IN AGE FROM THREE MONTHS TO 25 YEARS, WERE DELIVERED BY MIDWIVES. MRS. KILBURN (LEFT) IS SATISFIED "WITH JUST WHAT COME"

this fact makes the whole great industrial Midwest as intimate and unawesome as its own backyard. "Man who runs a tomato cannery up north told me there never was a state took so peacefully as Kentucky took Indiana," a former Leslie County expatriate told me. "Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati—they're all Kentucky cities."

If this quaint imperialism of Leslie County annoys citizens of those great cities, their indignation is as nothing compared with the outrage of the pious devotees of planned parenthood everywhere, who are downright scandalized by Leslie County's whole way of life. They view such lavish reproduction as not only "undemocratic" but also a trifle indecent. They are convinced that mountaineers breed so fast only because they have no idea how to stop. This is not true. Expert and discreet birth control information is as readily available in Leslie County as it is anywhere in the U.S.—and more so than in most places. It is also a lot cheaper—contraceptives either are given away free or are sold at one quar-

ter the drugstore price, thanks to the generosity of the manufacturers and the charitable impulses of the wealthy, self-exterminating classes outside the mountains.

So the most striking fact about Leslie County is not how many babies its people have but how much they enjoy having them. In the two-room cabins along Hell-For-Certain Creek, Greassy Creek and Thousandsticks Mountain, the gospel of planned parenthood has fallen on deaf

ABOUT THIS ARTICLE

T. S. Hyland, former science and medicine editor for TIME, researched this article on the spot in Leslie County and checked his findings with governmental and other population experts. Pictures were taken for LIFE by Eliot Elisofon.

ears. "You find some women who are just as happy as larks having a baby every year," I was told by a somewhat baffled nurse who had, in earnest and in vain, preached the gospel throughout Leslie County. "If you tell them that they don't *have* to have more," the incredulous nurse went on, "they rear back insulted and say, 'I'm goin' to have my number out.'"

There are, however, a few parts of the Appalachians where the birth rate has been falling slowly. This has led some worried sociologists to suggest that the mountains be set aside as a national breeding reservation, just as the breeding grounds of the snowy egret, the whooping crane and the bison are protected from outside meddling—and for much the same reason: to save the American people from extinction or "race suicide."

Now race suicide is one of those spooky phrases of more than one meaning. It means, in one sense, that the U.S. has produced so few babies that its population will dwindle away—indeed, if every



AT THE COUNTY LINE between Leslie and Clay (see map, left) stands a one-room church with hand-hewn log steps. Jeeps are best vehicles for the county's rutted roads.

FRUITFUL MOUNTAINEERS CONTINUED

fertile American couple adopted the two-child ideal, the population would drop from 150 million to around 50 million in a century. This danger materialized long ago. Births first dropped below the replacement level in 1928 and stayed there until 1938. The present U.S. death rate, about 10% per 1,000, implies an average life of 100 years. This is absurd. The death rate will soon begin to rise, settling around 14 by the end of the century, for an average life of 70 years. By then Americans will be dying as fast as they are born—or, very likely, faster.

But race suicide (the warning goes) can be committed in another way—by the “superior” people having so few babies and the “inferior” people having so many that the nation degenerates physically, intellectually and culturally. For the last two generations or so some groups have bred so poorly as to incur the suspicion that they viewed their own extermination as a public good. These poor breeders include the business and professional classes, college graduates, skilled workmen of all sorts—in general, the prosperous, successful, ambitious half of society. The statisticians glumly report that illiterates have produced twice as many babies as college graduates, who have failed to reproduce themselves by about 25%. Until the baby boom even those who enjoy the dizzying cerebral adventure of a high-school education did not quite replace themselves.

Obviously what Leslie County has been doing, while helping stave off Disaster No. 1, induces some observers to fear it is only hastening Disaster No. 2. While the Kentucky mountaineer has, on occasion, been praised as a proud, intelligent, independent member of the “Old American” frontier stock, he has also been damned as a degenerate, inbred, shiftless congenital moron. His proliferation has been called a “disgusting perversion of evolution” and (with equal venom) “a biological joy ride to hell.”

“The gist of the wailing,” said the late biologist Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University, “is that the bad boys and girls reproduce too much and the good boys and girls too little.” But Pearl was merely amused at the alarms and dire warnings of his learned colleagues; unlike most population experts, he believed that the seeds of ability and intelligence were widely enough distributed in the great mass of human germ plasm so that it did not matter if the people on the Right Side of the Tracks were too refined or too busy to have babies, while the people on the Wrong Side were sordid enough to have a lot of them. Some rash psychologists have gone so far as to claim that bad breeding has already caused the national I.Q. to drop by four to eight points per generation. In England, where the same birth differentials exist, Lord Horder, senior physician to George VI, has shrilled that “in 300 years half the population will be mentally defective.” Actually genuine mental defectives are on the whole poor breeders—about as poor as editors, writers, artists, teachers, doctors, bankers and lawyers.

The barren female college graduate

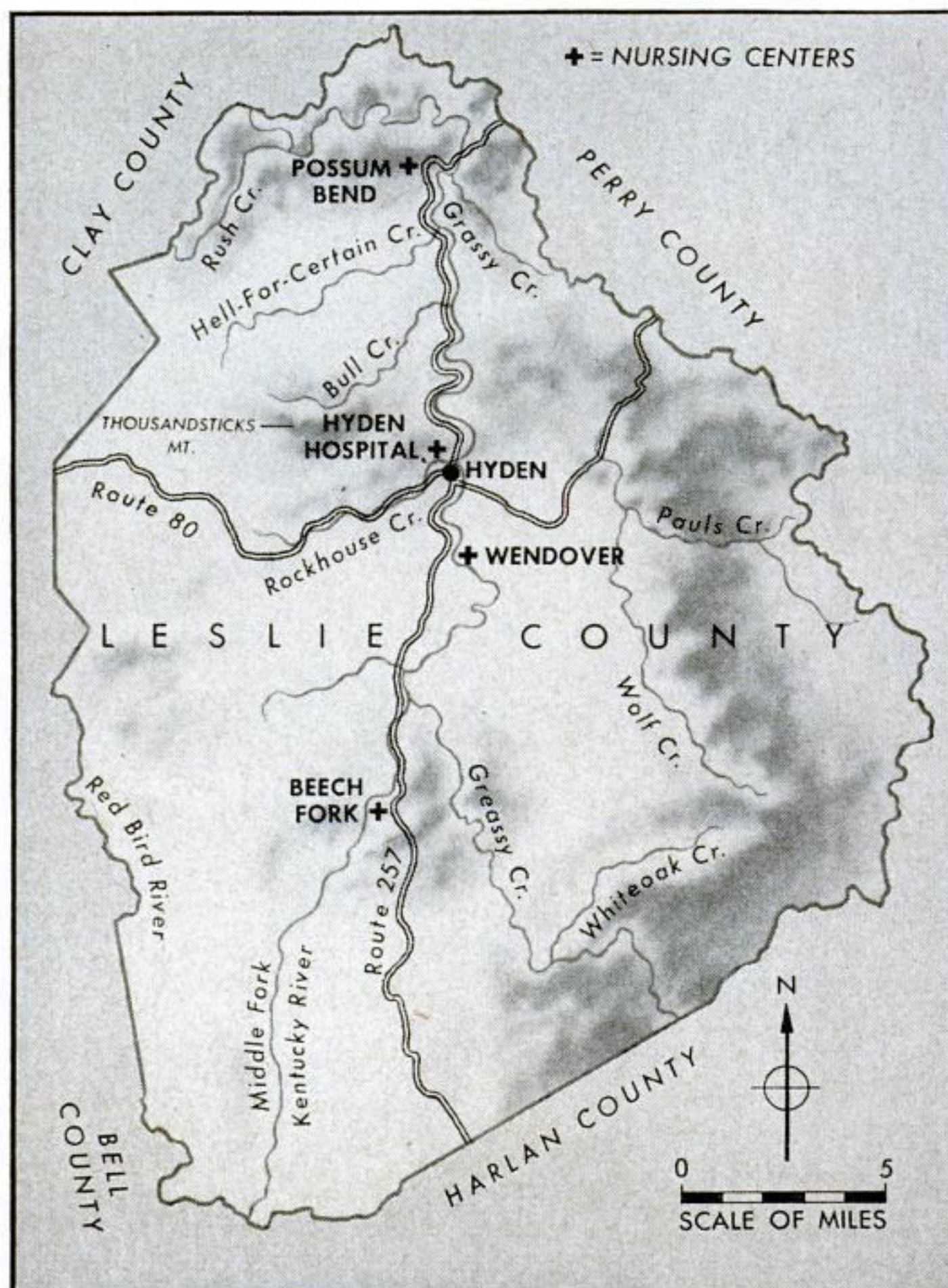
THE gloom of the population experts lifted somewhat with the baby boom, although the boom itself dumfounded them. They had predicted a postwar baby slump, nicely matching the postwar depression foreseen almost unanimously by their colleagues in error, the economists. Actually the rise in fertility has been highest among the better educated and smallest among the least educated, who always had nearly as many babies as they could anyhow. Even that most barren of all mammals, the female college graduate (who until 1945 seldom replaced herself by more than 50%) succeeded for a while in almost reproducing herself.

But the experts are still worried. They shrug off most of the babies as representing births postponed by the war and the depression and “borrowed” (under the spell of prosperity) from the future. “We are dealing more and more with a *controlled* birth rate,” a census official in Washington told me. “Births have gone up fast—but they can drop just as quickly.” So far there is little sign that the basic American reproductive habits are changing, *i.e.*, that families are getting bigger. “Even under the most favorable mortality



THE COUNTY'S GEOGRAPHY

Leslie County, 412 square miles in area, lies in southeast corner of Kentucky. Much of it, as map below shows, is mountainous. The population in 1948 was 12,264; total births were 595, making the birth rate 48.5, considerably above national average of 24.5. (New York County's birth rate was 18, Puerto Rico's 43.) So far as figures are available, Leslie County's rate compares favorably even with traditionally fecund foreign countries: India's 1948 birth rate was 26.1, Ireland's 21.7, Italy's 21.5, Mexico's 44.1.





DOCTOR ROBERT COLLINS, born in Clay County, began practicing medicine in Hyden in 1907. Instrument shortages often forced him to operate with carpenter's tools.

conditions," says Sociologist R. B. Vance of the University of North Carolina, "no society . . . can maintain itself without a significant proportion of large families." He estimates that about 40% of married women must have four or more children.

Meanwhile, for better or worse, the make-up of the American people steadily changes. So fast is it changing that some sociologists estimate that one fourth of the mothers in the U.S. now produce 60% of the next generation and will be grandmothers to 95% of the third generation. The result is a sort of gradual, bloodless revolution of the proletariat, in which, more and more, the sort of people found in Leslie County inherit America.

Jeeps and rockin' chair money

THE faceless clock in the tower of the crumbling brick courthouse in Hyden, the county seat, has not worked within memory. Time stood still, anyway, for over a century in Leslie County. Its birth rate today is that of the frontier U.S. in 1830, and so is much of its way of life. Hyden could be reached only by horseback until 1931, when the first automobile road was blasted through the mountains from the dingy mining and bootlegging metropolis of Hazard in Perry County. Even so, until 1947 most of the county was still accessible only on horseback. Then came the jeeps—since creek beds and bridgeless mountain trails form the basis of its highway system, Leslie County probably now has more jeeps per capita than any other part of the U.S.

The jeeps may yet undermine the local birth rate; all through the Kentucky mountains, the number of babies, county by county, has always stood in a perfect inverse ratio to the number of cars. This is pretty much true of the whole U.S. Californians, who own the most cars per capita, have long had a dismal breeding record—with a prewar fertility rate only half that of Kentucky and West Virginia. If California is a preview of the Drive-in Civilization of tomorrow, the race suicide prophets are dead right. In San Francisco in 1945 the number of criminal abortions exceeded the number of live births. In Leslie County illegal abortion is unknown and miscarriage is called "bad luck."

The culture of Leslie County has become popularly known as the subject of radio comedians' dullest jokes. It is true that it was the WPA which, by building a stone high school and some 300 privies, introduced the county and contemporary civilization to one another. But it is not the whole truth. "For heaven's sake, don't make us out as just a bunch of ignorant hillbillies," pleaded a well-bred lady in Hazard when she heard I was about to plunge into Leslie County. "Remember we've had five Rhodes Scholars just from these hills around here." The lady was right. Though some 10% of its adults are illiterate, Leslie County is now the scene of a mad rush for education. This fall, word of the GI Bill of Rights finally carried into the mountains, stirring hope and spreading confusion. "Our teachers are bum-fuzzled," a school supervisor told me. "Now we've got all these big, dirty old men of 30 and 40 sittin' there in third and fourth grade right beside their own children. All they want is that \$120 a month—we call it rockin' chair money."

Though the county has school buses on all its roads, most of the 4,700 children still go to the 64 one-room schools in the isolated mountain hollows. Here are found the last relics of a dying breed, the frontier schoolmasters. Many of them have no more than a grade-school education themselves, but this passes for higher learning in a county where only about one fourth of the children reach the eighth grade.

From the viewpoint of fertility this educational record is excellent. "We're an incubator up here," a doctor said, "and only one thing will cut the birth rate: educate 'em. Why? Gives 'em something else to think about."

Most Leslie County girls marry at 16 or 17, right out of grade school, and 15 is not an uncommon age for brides. "You still find a few old goats trying to marry girls of 12," a health officer told me, "but now that they have to come in for blood tests, we generally catch them." Leslie County women



MIDWIFE, 67-year-old Mrs. Mahala Couch, gestures with hands that have "cotched" babies for 32 years. Called Granny by mountaineers, she has had 11 children of her own.



HAPPY CHILDREN are Flora (left), 4, and Jackline Couch, 6. No relation to Granny Couch (top), they belong to seven-child family at foot of Thousandsticks Mountain.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



HELL-FOR-CERTAIN SCHOOL, an oldtime one-room affair, has an ex-GI student, Dan Woods, 30 (right). Above: he joins in song-with-gestures about building a house.

FRUITFUL MOUNTAINEERS CONTINUED

often have eight or 10 children at the age of 25—that is, about the age a Vassar graduate, with any luck, gets married and begins pellmell to produce her traditional 1.4 or 2.1 offspring.

Farming is impossible in Leslie County, but most of the people insist on trying it anyhow, getting less for their labor than any other group in the country. They don't mind. "Once you've lived in the mountains . . ." they explain helplessly. Scenery is the opium of the people here. The timbered mountainsides are scattered with vertical pastures and perpendicular cornfields. There is not one tractor in the county. Some of the farmers do not even use those prehistoric inventions, the wheel and the plow.

All this has naturally made Leslie County the kind of place that makes a lot of government planners itch for grand action. The Farm Security idealists, long eager to resettle the mountaineers, got their chance with the war. Fifty Leslie County families were moved, at federal expense, to farms in Pennsylvania, Indiana and New Jersey. Nearly all have come back to the land where a typical dairy herd consists of one cow. "Seems like they thought they were being overworked," the county agent explains. "Farming isn't so rushed down here. Only one to 10 acres of corn is put out, and it grows about 15 or 20 bushels to the acre."

A people who are content to grow 15-bushel corn (less than one fifth the yield of fair Illinois or Iowa soil) will always have a secure place toward the bottom of the "underprivileged" class. They will also be at the top of the reproductive scale. For a basic rule of procreation is that the more money Americans have, the fewer children they think they can afford.

Coal without John L. Lewis

THE county, however, is now getting its first taste of the Big Money. The war made it profitable, for the first time, to work the rich coal seams which break out all over the hills. Though no railroad enters the county and all coal is hauled by trucks, Leslie County competes on the market because its unorganized miners work harder, and for less money, than John L. Lewis permits. "But," argued a Leslie County miner, "we work six days a week, regular. No strikes, no shutdowns, no three-day week. And whenever the mines shut down in the other counties, the kids all come back here to eat off Maw and Paw till Lewis lets 'em work again."

Mining is an appropriate occupation for Leslie County, for coal miners are the most fertile class of workers in the U.S. Yale's celebrated geographer, Ellsworth Huntington, once calculated—to his unconcealed horror—that "1,000 college graduates would have scarcely 200 great-grandsons who grow to maturity, while 1,000 miners would have about 3,700 great-grandsons. More than 18 of the miner type for one of the college type!"

The lack of strikes is fortunate since Leslie County probably has the pistol-packingest people in the U.S. The Golden Age of feuding is over: in a recent outbreak of bad blood between the Brocks and the Coldwells, only one member of each family was assassinated. There is still plenty of shooting, but with so few fatalities as to allow only two possible explanations: 1) the mountaineers are wretched marksmen, or 2) the noise alone provides emotional release. The mountaineer's honor is easily offended, but his vengeance is usually dirty—an ambush, a shot in the back or, under cover of darkness, a fusillade into a house or car.

It is probably no coincidence that the decline of feuding followed the rise of the red-hot indigenous mountain religions—the Holiness and Pentecostal sects, the Holy Rollers, the snake handlers. A visitor in London, Ky. recently asked the sheriff why he allowed Holy Rollers to whoop and stomp on the courthouse steps on a busy Saturday night. "Man, that's

music in my ears," said the sheriff. "If they weren't blowin' their tops that way, they'd all be out drinkin' and shootin' and drivin' me nuts."

The mountain folk had to invent their own religion: Presbyterianism was too tame, and the Baptists and Methodists clung to the undemocratic notion that a preacher ought to be educated. But at a Holiness meeting almost anyone may be inspired to "speak with tongues," babbling unintelligible revelations. A few Holiness groups still test their faith with copperheads and rattlers, even though religious snake rattles were made illegal in Kentucky in 1940.

Catholicism has nothing to do with Leslie County's contempt for birth control. Although the Church has recently launched a missionary campaign in the mountains with the purchase of four hospitals, there are no Catholics at all in the county. But the views of the Holiness and other infra-Fundamentalist sects are even more emphatic. "It tells us in the Bible that the Lord said 'Multiply,'" a Holiness preacher told me, "and people that disobey that law, they will be cast into the flames. Them people in the city that don't have children, I wouldn't want to answer for their souls on Judgment Day. Oh, I've seen 'em—I used to sing hillbilly on the radio when I was in sin."

As his religion and his shooting indicate, the Leslie County mountaineer is a highly emotional fellow. This surprises observers who think of the "Anglo-Saxon" as an inhibited, undemonstrative species of cold fish. Leslie County preserves the temperament of the Elizabethan Englishman, who was the marvel of Europe with his quickness to tears, laughter, anger and bloodshed—much as Italians are fancied to be today. Fragments of a 17th Century culture—speech, folklore, games, ballads and customs—have survived in the Appalachian fastnesses well into the present era to intrigue many a scholar. In 1933 two Chicago women came through the county and, posing as folklore students, won the confidences of the people. Actually the women were detectives, and their "folklore" research resulted in the arrest of 137 hill people who, by writing bad checks, had swindled Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward out of a million dollars' worth of goods. Since then the folklore pickings have been rather lean.

Perhaps the county's richest heritage from the past is its people's intense, old-fashioned love of children. "These kids are the most spoiled of any in the country," observed a young Baltimore doctor in Hyden. "The people hate to see a child cry. They'll promise him the moon to keep him quiet, and he is seldom if ever spanked. The fathers are especially gentle and soft-spoken with the children—I've never seen a city father as tender as they are."

Leslie County children get some of the best medical care in the U.S., and it is one of the safest places to have a baby. They owe their pampering to Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, a small, graciously domineering lady of 68, and the obstetrical cavalry squadron which she calls the Frontier Nursing Service. Packing their midwives' equipment in saddlebags, her 29 nurses trek up the creeks and over the mountains in all sorts of weather to deliver babies in even the most isolated cabins. They take care of all children under 5, and also try to give every pregnant woman full prenatal care so that difficult deliveries are spotted in advance and moved down to Mrs. Breckinridge's 19-bed stone hospital on a mountainside overlooking Hyden. Dr. Collins, who has been the service's surgeon since 1925, says, "The mothers of Leslie County get the best prenatal care in the whole country."

The story was different before Mrs. Breckinridge moved in. Then Leslie County's babies were all "cotched" by the "granny-women"—untrained midwives whose technique was compounded of patience, dirty fingernails, hog grease and superstition. (Hemorrhage, for example, was treated by placing an ax, blade upward, under the mother's bed.) Infant and maternal



PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF GOD is in Perry County, just across line from Leslie. Ray Sizemore (center) of Bull Creek, Leslie County, leads the congregation in a hymn.

mortality was gruesomely high. Leslie County still has 13 grannies who delivered about 12% of the babies last year, while in some other mountain counties, such as Knott, they attend as many as 60% of the births.

The almost ruthless determination of Mrs. Breckinridge to change all this is matched only by her resolve to persuade a horde of well-to-do friends, admirers and cousins to pay the bill. With pride and passion she lectures them, "The Southern mountains are not only, like other rural sections, a feeder for the city but are a nursery of the finest flower of the old American stock." Every year she stumps the big eastern cities, from Louisville to New York, to raise funds. Her publicity masterpiece is probably her "courier system," which has made Leslie County the debutante's Foreign Legion. Eastern society girls—who sometimes apply years ahead, as to a fashionable school—come in relays to spend a couple of months riding with messages and supplies among the isolated centers. They are useful in Leslie County; they are also useful back home in spurring the interest of Mrs. Breckinridge's vast network of committees. Although she charges the mountaineers \$15 (if they can pay at all) for each baby delivered, more than 90% of her \$160,000 budget is raised amid a genteel tinkle of teacups.

For all the aura of sentimentality that surrounds her work, Mrs. Breckinridge rules her domain with a hardheaded and inherited sense of public duty, as though conscious of generations of distinguished Bluegrass ancestors—generals, senators, diplomats—looking over her shoulder. (Her grandfather served as vice president of the Union and secretary of war of the Confederacy; her father was minister to Russia.) Loving Leslie County as a strangely majestic survival of Daniel Boone's "dark and bloody ground," she settled there, she says, because she found "the primitive, even primordial things, like birth and death, disease and disaster, gripped me most." Her "nurses on horseback" are not highly paid, but they share something of this spirit—at least they prefer the backwoods parturitions and their dashing, blue riding habits to the routine, starch and salary of a city hospital. She directs her six scattered nursing centers from a modern, two-story log headquarters on a steep wooded hillside in Wendover overlooking Middle Fork, the headwaters of the Kentucky River. Her hospital in Hyden also serves as a school for the dozen or so graduate nurses who come to Leslie County each year to learn midwifery (pronounced *mid-wiffy*). Many of them are foreign missionaries who stay and work a year to pay for their training before going back to deliver little Zulus and Hindus.

Horses are better than jeeps

ONLY in the last year has electricity reached Wendover, along with a road for the seven jeeps which have crowded some of the horses from the stables. The latter is a case of dubious progress. "A jeep costs \$1,460 and gives us only four years of service," Mrs. Breckinridge complains, "but we can get 10 to 14 years out of a horse, without accidents." When the road was cut through the forest, her nurses stood by to insist that the bulldozers leave the trees untouched, since trees seem to rank second only to babies in the Breckinridge scheme of values. In fact she feels that the forest and human fertility are mysteriously related. "If city people really want to have babies," she says, "let them come here and live in the forest, close to the soil . . ."

Knowing intimately both the mountaineers and the *monde*, Mrs. Breckinridge has formed her own opinions on the difference in their breeding habits. "I do not think," she says, "that birth control is the reason for the small families of the so-called upper classes today. On the contrary, they could not have large families if they wanted them. With a few exceptions the urban, educated citizen is incapable of producing a large family." The



COUNTY SHERIFF Wiley Joseph, sitting by fire in courthouse, says religious meetings provide outlet for mountaineers' energy that would otherwise increase work for him.



NUMBER OF BABIES WANTED by senior-class girls of Leslie County High School is shown by upraised fingers. The highest was six; six girls wanted four, one wanted none.

basic reason, she believes, is that "mental and spiritual endowment is of the same 'life stuff' as physical fertility. The very mind that raised man above savagery came through the limitation of his reproductive capacity."

Similar ideas have intrigued other thinkers—from German Philosopher Schopenhauer, a fanatical woman-hater who declared, "The fundamental condition of genius is an abnormal predominance of sensibility and irritability over reproductive power"; to Danish Philosopher Søren Kierkegaard who put it more crisply, "Thought is suicide." But Mrs. Breckinridge is willing to test her theory. She proposes an experiment: that a research foundation subsidize perhaps 1,000 young couples, all college graduates, who would promise not to limit their offspring. "A few will have large families and others will be sterile," Mrs. Breckinridge predicts, "but I'll wager the average number of children will be less than three."

Obviously Mrs. Breckinridge believes that the proliferation of the mountain dwellers is anything but a danger to the country. "When we dedicated our hospital here," she recalls proudly, "Sir Leslie MacKenzie, the Scottish public health authority, said, 'This is the seed corn of your race.' " The seed corn has appeared rather mildewed to other students, such as Psychologist Nathaniel Hirsch, who did for the Kentucky hillbilly what *Tobacco Road* did for the Georgia cracker. Prowling through the mountains, Hirsch gave intelligence tests to more than 900 schoolchildren and found a mean I.Q. of 72.5, perilously close to the moron brackets. Mrs. Breckinridge is busy salvaging the mountaineers' good name. "They are a superior people," she maintains. With her help Psychologist Ella Woodyard, formerly of Columbia University, once picked up 60 mountain children at random from the roadside and gave them an I.Q. test. The group was quite normal. (Most psychologists, anyhow, have now lost their former faith in the I.Q. as an almost immutable hereditary factor.)

Because Mrs. Breckinridge often mentions her own girlhood ambition to have eight children (she had two, both of whom died), she is inevitably suspected by birth control enthusiasts of a secret sympathy with the hill peoples' outrageous habit of having babies as the Lord sends them. She told me recently the simple truth, "Our medical director has always been ready to give birth control information to women who ask for it. But they seldom ask and we don't propagandize it." A few of the younger women show an interest in contraception, but rarely until they have had two or three children. "There is no question but that some of the women have too many babies," Mrs. Breckinridge agrees. "But the birth rate here will drop only when economic conditions improve. Birth control does not come first—it follows."

Although citified visitors usually listen to this with polite disbelief, the history of U.S. fertility backs her up. As a leading authority, the late Dr. O. E. Baker of the University of Maryland, pointed out, "The birth rate began to decline in the industrial sections of the U.S. many decades before information as to artificial methods of birth control was disseminated even among the upper classes." New England reached a highly civilized state of infertility by 1900, or 16 years before Brooklyn police first jailed Margaret Sanger.

While birth control missionaries have crusaded doggedly through Leslie County, their experiences have been trying enough to discourage any less determined people. Parenthood planners—who, as Raymond Pearl once noted, "do seem occasionally to lose touch with reality"—once chose the people of Logan County, W. Va. as their guinea pigs in a carefully worked-out contraceptive experiment.

The experiment was planned by Dr. Clarence Gamble, the grand strategist of the Birth Control League (now called the Planned Parenthood Federation) and the money was put up by the Milbank Memorial Fund, an \$11 million Manhattan research trust whose directors and scientists repre-



MRS. MARY BRECKINRIDGE runs Frontier Nursing Service with 29 nurses who staff hospital at Hyden and seven subsidiary nursing centers, three of them in Leslie.



NURSE ROSE EVANS, English-born, fords Middle Fork River to make a call. The mountaineers often ask the nurses to perform veterinary as well as obstetrical services.



AT POSSUM BEND Nursing Center a young patient gets whooping cough and diphtheria shots from Nurse Lydia Thompson while other children and their mothers wait.

FRUITFUL MOUNTAINEERS CONTINUED

sent the élite of the nonreproducing classes. During the Depression, when Logan County was one of the wretchedest places in the U.S., the Birth Control League had set up a clinic there. It flopped; nobody came. Undaunted, Dr. Gamble sent an energetic Yankee spinster, Miss Alice Beaman, to convert the stubborn West Virginians. Packing a satchel with contraceptives, Nurse Beaman hiked about, like a Fuller Brush man, knocking on the doors of the miners' shacks and mountain cabins.

"I couldn't get to first base away up in the hollows—they were Baptists up there," Miss Beaman told me recently. "But I visited over 2,000 women and enlisted 1,319. I was ordered off the premises only once, by a drunken husband who threatened me with a poker. Still, a lot of the women simply couldn't be bothered. One mother of 13 children sighed, 'Now, if it was false teeth you were giving away . . .'"

"The supplies were free, and I gave them a postcard to send in when they wanted more. It was simple, it was easy—I did everything but use it for them."

The results at first were gratifying. Miss Beaman's clientele, who "controlled 50% of the fertility in Logan County," had 41% fewer babies. But at the end of two years, two thirds of the women had lost interest; and when the Milbank Fund withdrew its support after four years, in 1940, the backsliding was almost universal. Logan County still has the highest birth rate in West Virginia (36.5).

The experiment had another curious upshot: though Nurse Beaman failed to convert the mountaineers, they converted her. She fell in love with the mountains and the mountaineers—"the way they talk, their independence, their dignity." Says she, "I was deeply impressed by the serene faith of the mountain women. They have a lot of children, but they never doubt the Lord will provide." She decided she was "fed up with the psychological climate of New England" and now lives in the Kentucky mountains at the Hindman Settlement School, an endowed boarding school for promising mountain children.

Frustration or survival?

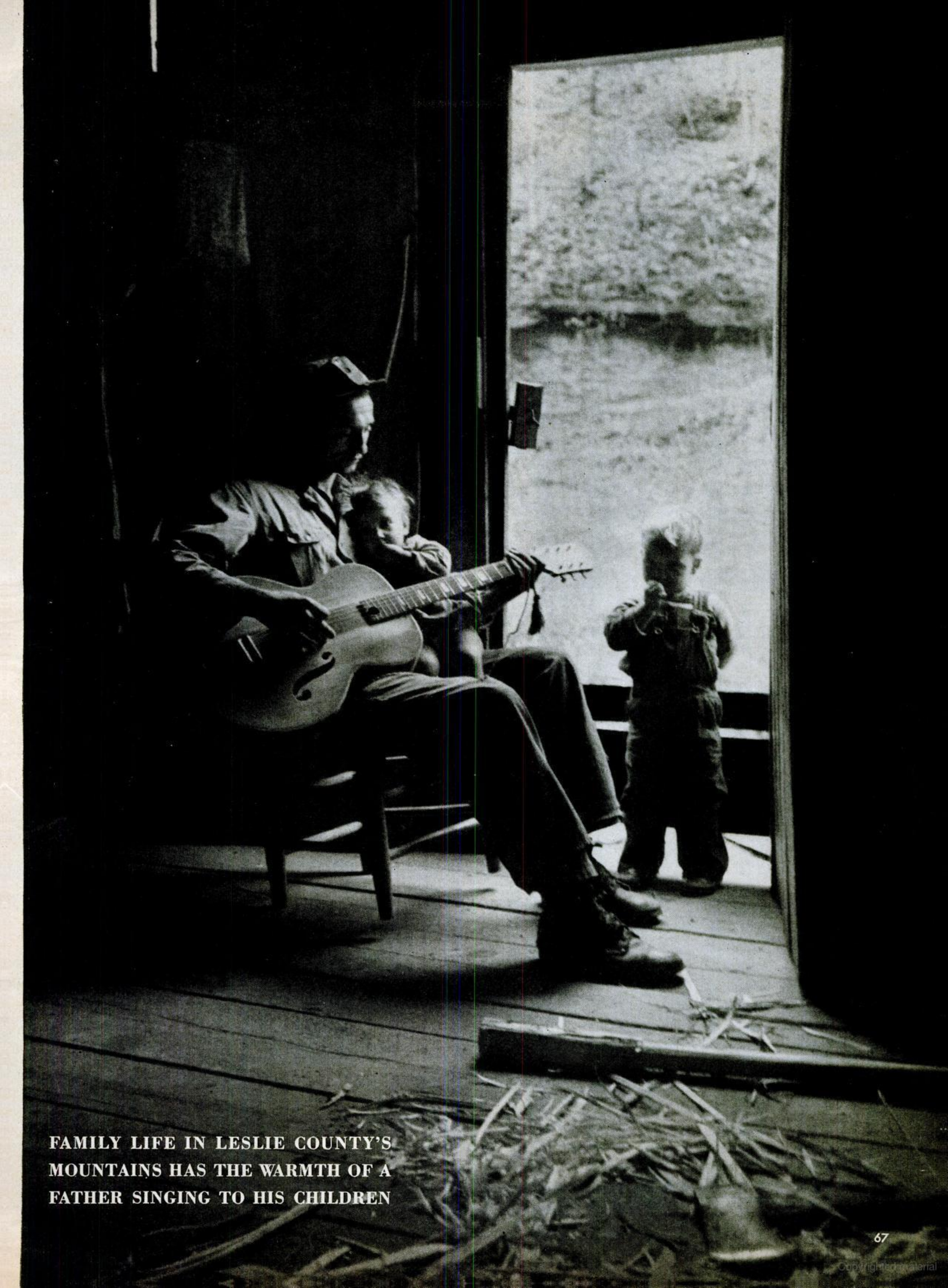
WHY do the mountaineers want to have big families? Miss Beaman's answer perhaps reflects the New England viewpoint. "Frustration," she says. "Having a lot of children is the only way for poor people to assert themselves. It's all they can do, and they're proud of it." Mrs. Breckinridge disagrees, "People are much more normal than we suspect. Here in the mountains life has always been hard, and a large family has been a necessary part of the pattern of survival. These people have a terrific survival power."

Still another answer is suggested by Claudia Lewis in her recent book, *Children of the Cumberland*. Before living in the mountains Miss Lewis had the "strenuous adventure" of teaching in a Manhattan nursery school. City children, she learned, were little hellions. School was a day-long riot of tantrums, screams, fights, tears, wet pants and "always pugnacious resistance to every 'must.'" She accepted such behavior as normal until she moved to the Tennessee hills to teach. There she got the surprise of her life: the hill children were docile and well behaved. "Why was there so little rebellion in the mountains?" she asked. "And was there no maladjustment among the children?" Her explanation reads like an anthropologist's report on the natives of New Guinea or Okinawa. The mountain child enjoys a "period of long natural babyhood" close to both father and mother, "the privilege of suckling at the breast at any time, even long after he is eating solid foods." Toilet training is indifferent; so is insistence on washing and keeping clean. Unlike the city child he is "not told he must stay home, go to bed, keep away." With this emotionally secure childhood he grows up in a society unusual in the U.S. for its noncompetitiveness.

Competitiveness, most sociologists agree, is the primary cause of the low birth rate among the enterprising and able classes. Says Paul H. Landis of the State College of Washington, "The most successful, those who seek most eagerly the highly competitive values of urban culture, commit race suicide in their desperate struggle to achieve success and social superiority." The mountaineer's happy childhood robs him of that streak of neurosis almost indispensable for getting ahead in the world. It is a blessing, if you call him content, or a curse if you call him shiftless.

So the U.S. baby boom seemed to suggest that the American people might have turned back, for a fleeting moment, to Leslie County's philosophy. "The war psychology must have changed our values," Professor Baker observed when the boom was on, "and the Cold War and atomic bomb have brought on a revival of the will to survive."

This passing phenomenon deserves to be called the Los Alamos Reaction. Chemists, physicists and engineers have always been highly apathetic about reproducing themselves, but the men who developed the atomic bomb came to realize, as their work took shape, that they might be blown to bits or sterilized by radiation. All at once survival seemed to have become as problematical as it has always been in the Kentucky mountains. And, long before the rest of the country, the Los Alamos settlement joined Leslie County in having a private baby boom of its own.



**FAMILY LIFE IN LESLIE COUNTY'S
MOUNTAINS HAS THE WARMTH OF A
FATHER SINGING TO HIS CHILDREN**





LORELEI (CAROL CHANNING) PENS HER DIARY, CHEERED UP BY HER CHUM DOROTHY (YVONNE ADAIR)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

Carol Channing is a lollapalooza as Lorelei Lee in smash musical

One of America's imperishably popular heroines, along with Little Eva and Scarlett O'Hara, is Miss Lorelei Lee, who was created 25 years ago by Anita Loos in her novel, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Beautiful and dumb, Lorelei preyed on millionaires and wrote about them in her diary with an equal disregard for spelling and morals. A symbol of the cockeyed '20s, she was in a play (1926) and a movie (1928). Now Lorelei is on the loose again in a handsome and hilarious song-and-dance show which is Broadway's first musical-comedy smash hit of the season.

In the current version by Anita Loos and Joseph Fields, Lorelei operates mostly in "devine" Paris. Her bigtime lover is a Mr. Esmond,

who hoped to be her traveling mate but had to send her on alone when a crisis beset his button business. As Lorelei writes, "Fate keeps on happening" and before she wins her button king she gets a bushel of diamonds, a chinchilla cape and a 50% share of a zipper company.

Besides giving the theater season some badly needed fun, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* introduces as Lorelei a new bigtime star. She is tall (5 feet 9 inches), husky-voiced, 26-year-old Carol Channing, who has had only one good Broadway part before, in *Lend an Ear* (LIFE, Feb. 28). In her cartoon gestures, rowdy singing and almost eerie dumbness, Carol is the best thing of her kind to hit Broadway since Ethel Merman.



PONY BALLET, which was a fixture in the racy shows of the 1920s, is revived in *Gentlemen Prefer*

Blondes, when a row of ruffle-rumped cuties do their dance (above), then lose step and end in confusion.

←SHOWGIRLS WEARING CHERRIED COCKTAILS AND GRAPES PARODY COSTUMES OF OLD MUSICALS

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 69



"PIGGY," an English lord, succumbs to Lorelei on shipboard. She wangles a tiara, orchids, chinchilla.



TWO FRENCHMEN pursue Lorelei in Paris. She easily lifts one of them out of her way to reach phone.



BUTTON MAKER (Jack McCauley) overtakes Lorelei, who admits she once shot man in Arkansas.



ZIPPER KING has brief fling with Lorelei (right), who emerges with a nice cut of his zipper business.



LORELEI'S TRIUMPH is complete when she wins over her boyfriend's gouty father, who consents to

her marrying his son. Under her spell the old codger hops from his wheelchair for the first time in years.



Kissing your hand may make you feel very good but a diamond bracelet lasts forever.

The illustration above by Ralph Barton from the book, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, shows Lorelei being greeted by a Frenchman. The famous caption that accompanied it inspired Songwriters Leo Robin and Jule Styne, who composed the current Broadway show, to write their funniest number, excerpts from which are quoted below.

DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

A kiss on the hand may be quite continental,
But diamonds are a girl's best friend.
A kiss may be grand, but it won't pay the rental
On your humble flat
Or help you at
The Automat.
Some men buy,
And some just sigh
That to make you their bride they intend.
But buyers or sighers,
They're such awful liars,
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

There may come a time when a lass needs a lawyer,
But diamonds are a girl's best friend.
There may come a time when a hard-boiled employer
Thinks you're awful nice,
But get that "ice,"
Or else no dice.
Some girls find
Some peace of mind
In a trust fund that banks recommend.
But if you are busy
Your trustee gets lusty!
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

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LYRICS BY LEO ROBIN; MUSIC BY JULE STYNE

CAROL CHANNING, bejeweled from head to ankle, gets longest applause in show when she expounds her philosophy in *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*.





HOTEL OCCUPIES 14 ACRES ON HISTORIC POINT ONCE GUARDED BY OLD SAN GERONIMO CASTLE (UPPER LEFT)

Life Goes to Opening of the Caribbean's Fanciest Hotel

Hilton opens a new seaside stand for the Puerto Rican government

Last fortnight in San Juan, Puerto Rico the Caribe Hilton, a brilliantly white, 10-story hotel honeycombed with ocean-facing balconies, one for each room, formally opened in a splash of rhumba music, noted guests and frozen rum drinks. The most lavish hotel in the Caribbean (it cost \$7 million although it contains but 300 rooms), the Caribe was built by the Puerto Rican government, which hopes it will attract mainland financiers and executives to invest in the island's bootstrap-raising economy.

It is operated on a 20-year lease by the Hilton Hotel Corporation, which hopes to make it the key gathering place in the Caribbean area. On opening night it was thronged by carefully invited guests—Hollywood stars, society folk and big business men—who had a good time at the big pool, lush supper club and suave gambling casino. That night the casino inaugurated itself by racking up a \$1,000 net loss for the management. Said Hotelman Conrad Hilton wryly, "Boy, we gave them a *complete party!*"



BAND OF PIRATES staged a pageant at the opening of the pool, slinking up the hotel's man-made beach. The

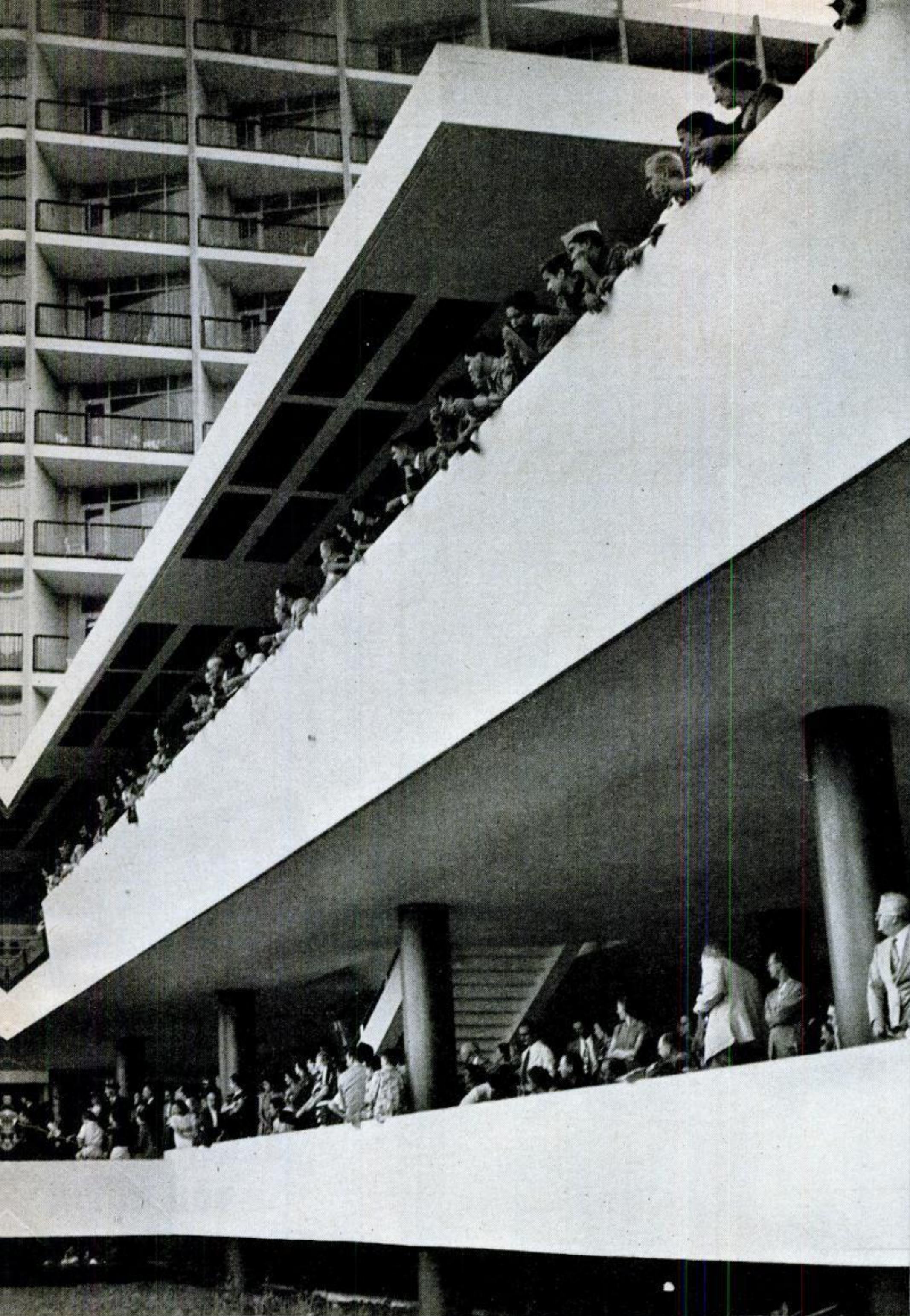
beach is covered with imported coral sand, which is very luxurious since it is "stick-proof," i.e., brushes off easily.



MODERNISTIC FACADE OF HOTEL LOOMS BEHIND



DAVID ROCKEFELLERS (left) chat with Beardsley Ruml and Consultant Architect Charles Warner (right).



CROWD WATCHING AQUACADE. BUILDING WAS DESIGNED BY PUERTO RICAN FIRM, MADE OF ISLAND CONCRETE



VICE PRESIDENT W. J. Braunschweiger of Bank of America meets fellow Californian, Starlet Janis Carter.



GLORIA SWANSON and daughter, Michele Farmer, made a chic appearance at \$30-per-plate opening dinner.



HOST Hilton, a great dance enthusiast (LIFE, Nov. 28), does the Varsoviana with his guest, Ann Moore of Tampa.



DARK FROWNS decorate faces of some roulette players. Left: Mary Kellogg, Frances Langford's secretary.



BRIGHT SMILES decorate mother and daughter in the gambling casino as Miss Farmer stacks her pile of chips.



DO YOUR

Toes have woes?

—get quick relief with
BAND-AID* Foot Products

Why have your evening at the theater or the movies ruined by an angry corn, bunion or other sore spot. Relieve the shoe pressure instantly with the BAND-AID brand of adhesive Foot Products. As efficient as the famous BAND-AID brand of Adhesive Bandages you've used so many times.

REMEMBER: Only Johnson & Johnson makes products bearing the famous BAND-AID trade mark. So buy BAND-AID Foot Products—the brand you can count on.

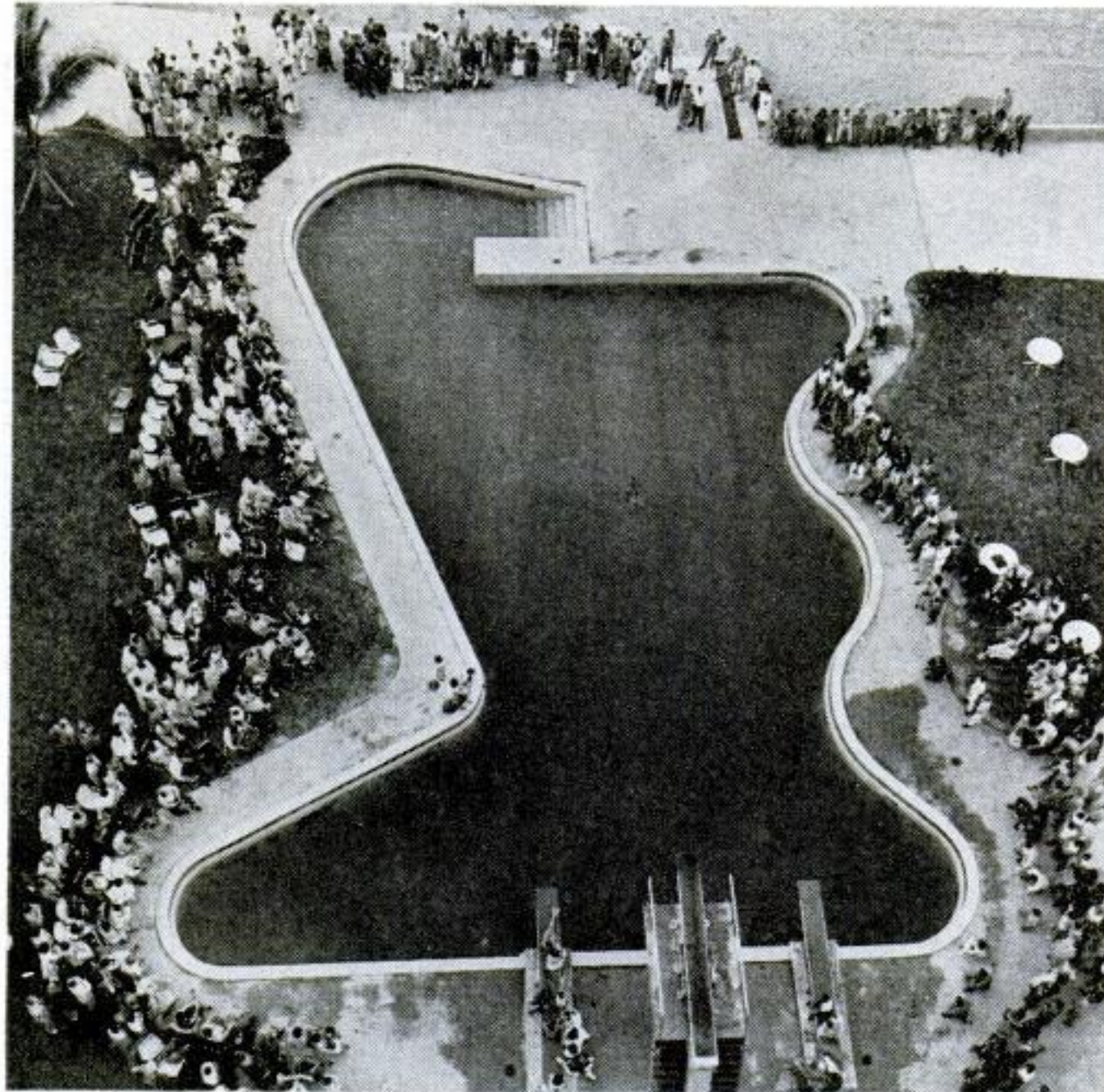
NOW you can get the BAND-AID brand of Corn Pads, Bunion Pads, or Moleskin Adhesive that you cut to fit over the painful spot.



BAND-AID
Foot Products

*BAND-AID means made by

Johnson & Johnson



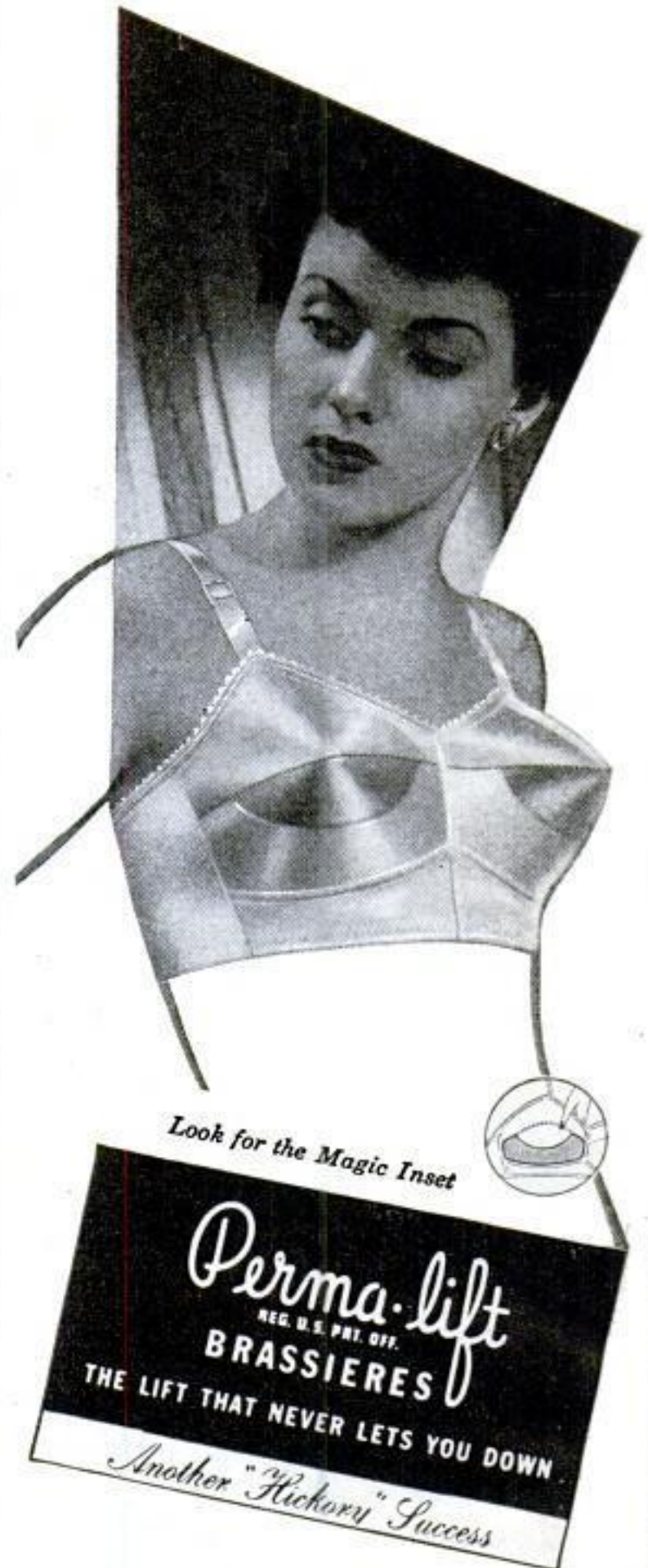
HOTEL POOL is carved out of solid coral, holds salt water that is changed completely every four hours. Near it are beach cabanas and tennis courts.



TYPICAL GUEST ROOM is a living room by day, bedroom by night when sofas become beds. All are air-conditioned. Double-room rates: \$12 to \$15 daily.



PRIVATE BALCONY with view lies beyond each room's glass wall. Here Senate Secretary Les Biffle and Mrs. Biffle are served their morning coffee.



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NEVER LETS
YOU DOWN**

For the curves you crave, wear a dainty "Perma-lift"® Bra—the magic bra preferred by smart women everywhere. Guaranteed to give you lasting healthful support, there's no straining pull on your shoulder straps. The magic cushion insets gently support your breasts from below, never lose that support through countless washings and wear. Deftly fashioned of satin, broadcloth or nylon, there's a new "Perma-lift" Bra style just perfect for you. Be expertly fitted today. For sports and dress—\$1.25 to \$4, at your favorite store.

For a slim trim figure, enjoy the lasting comfort of a "Perma-lift"® Girdle—"No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays."

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trade marks of A. Stein & Co. (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), Chicago

"I'm from Milwaukee, I ought to know..."

*Blatz is Milwaukee's
Finest Beer!"*

SAYS *Pat Harder*
Chosen as 1948's Most Valuable Player
Star Fullback of the Chicago Cardinals



"My home town of Milwaukee," says Pat Harder, "is known nationally as the home of America's finest premium beers. So, naturally, folks who live in Milwaukee have their choice of the best. And, as most native Milwaukeeans will tell you, their choice is Blatz, Milwaukee's finest beer!" Yes—official figures show that Blatz is the largest-selling beer in Milwaukee and all Wisconsin, too. Try Blatz Beer, today!



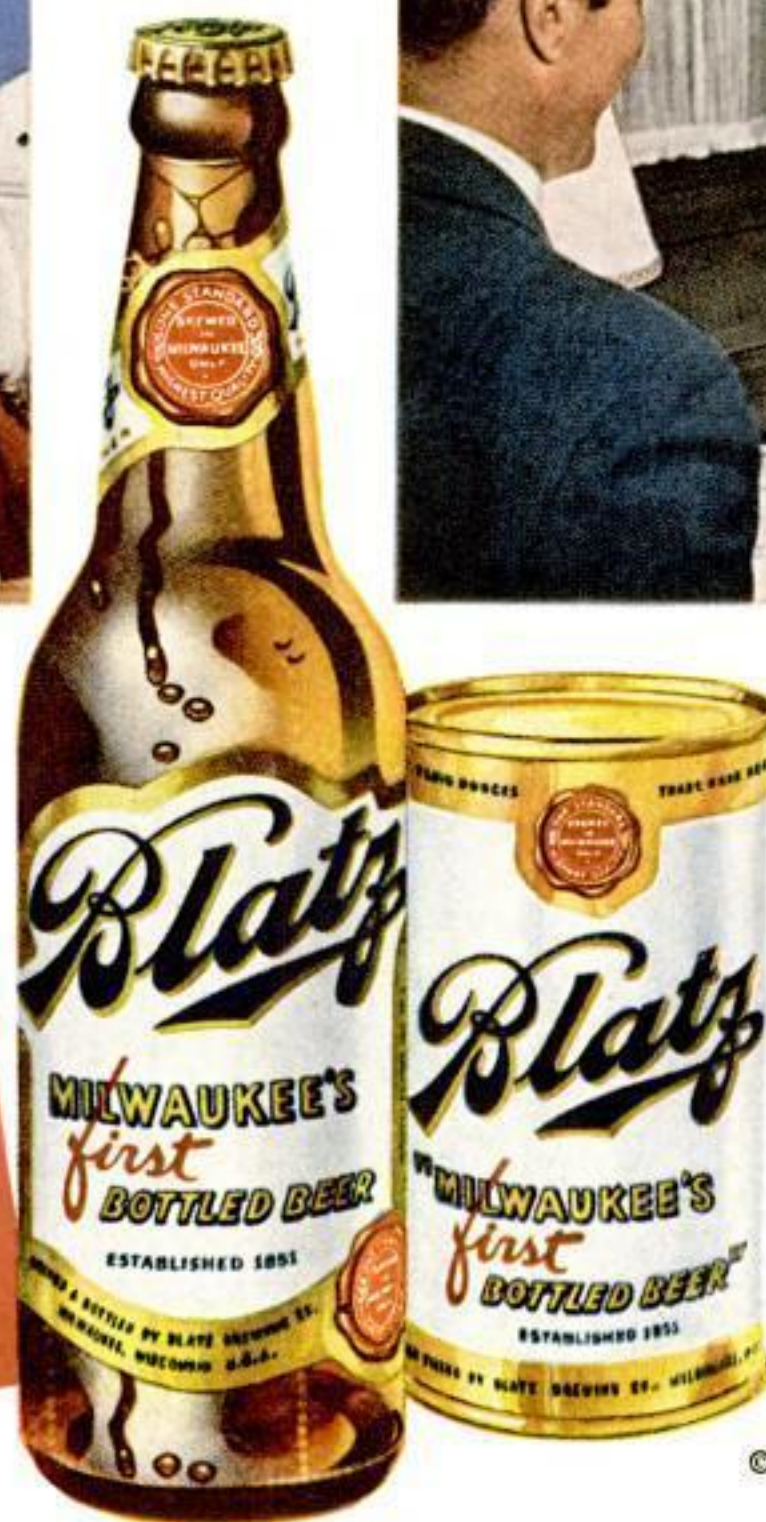
Like Blatz Beer, Pat Harder is a great Milwaukee favorite. With the Western Champions, he led the National Professional League in scoring for 1947-1948, and holds the record for place-kicking points after touchdown.



Take a hint from Pat Harder. Ask for Blatz at your favorite club, tavern, restaurant, package store or neighborhood grocer's. It's Milwaukee's finest beer.



TUNE IN
DUFFY'S TAVERN
Thursday Evening,
9:30 E. S. T., N. B. C.



**Blatz is Milwaukee's
First Bottled Beer!**

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"SMOKE MY CIGARETTE -
MILDER CHESTERFIELD"

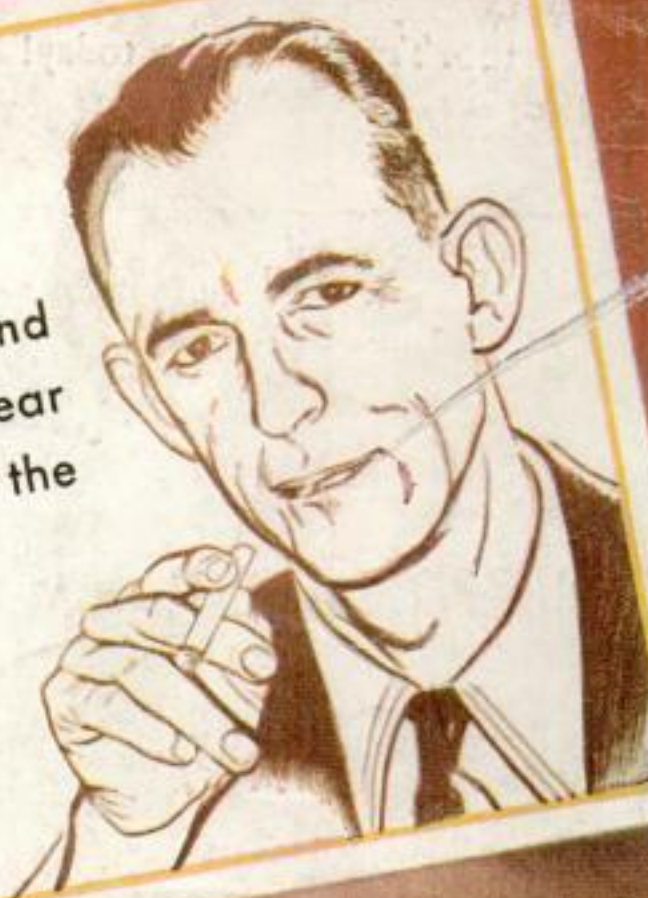
Bing Crosby

See Bing in his latest Picture
"RIDING HIGH"

A Frank Capra Production · Released through
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Prominent Tobacco Farmer
says - "Chesterfield is my brand
because I know what goes into them. Year
after year they pay top prices to get the
best mild, ripe tobaccos."

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